POEMS

ON

Several OCCASIONS.

By HENRY JONES.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP,

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

The following POEMS are humbly inſcrib'd by

His LORDSHIP's

Much Oblig'd, and

Ever Grateful

Humble Servant,

HENRY JONES.

THE CONTENTS.

ON his Excellency the Earl of Chesterfield's *Arrival in* Ireland Page 1

To the Right Honourable the Countess of Chesterfield, *occasioned by her procuring a Pardon for two Soldiers condemn'd for Desertion* 4

On the Spring 6

On the Lying-in Hospital in Dublin 7

Lines to Lord Chief Justice Singleton 9

On Mr. Pope's *Death* 11

On a Picture of our Saviour's Examination before Caiphas; *sent to his Grace Dr.* George Stone, *Lord Primate of* Ireland 12

To Doctor Green 13

Philosophy, *a Poem, address'd to the Ladies who attended Mr.* Booth's *Lectures in* Dublin 15

On the vain Pursuits and imperfect Enjoyments of human Life 18

To the Hon. Mr. Baron Mountney 22

The Character of a true Patriot, and a good Man 25

On his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland's *Success at the* Hague 27

To a Young Gentleman 28

Rath-farnham, *a Poem. Addressed to* William Palifer, *Esq;* 29

To a Friend who had writ Verses to Mr. Pope, *in the Person of* Apollo, *occasion'd by hearing that Poet abus'd* 33

To Thomas Adderly, *Esq;* 35

Verses inscrib'd to the Revd. Dr. Delany 37

An

CONTENTS.

An Essay on the Weakness of Human Knowledge, and the Uncertainty of mortal Life 40
To the Hon. Mrs. Conolly 45
To the Revd. Dr. Mann, *occasioned by the Author's asking him for a Subject to write on, and his saying he could think of none* 47
To a Person of fine Parts, but whimsical Humours, of a cruel Nature, and bad Morals 54
To a young Lady on her Grotto 57
A Prologue for the Benefit of old Husband's *the Player* 58
On the King's Birth Day. Writ in the Year 1744 59
To the Revd. Dr Mann, *occasioned by the Death of the Revd. Mr.* Holt, *Junior Fellow of* T. C. D. 61
On seeing Mr. Barry *in the Character of* Hamlet 62
On the Death of a Favourite Nightingale 64
On a fine Crop of Peas being spoil'd by a Storm 66
Lesbia *and her Sparrow: Or* Cupid *turn'd Fowler* 68
To a young Lady on her performing upon the Harpsichord 70
To Cloe 73
To Lord Tyrawly, *on his sending me to Lord* Chesterfield, *when I durst not knock at the Door* 73
To a young Lady, lately married, who had fine Eyes, but a frail Character ib.
On his Excellency the Earl of Chesterfield's *Recovery from a dangerous Fever* 74
On taking a Lady's Picture in Church, whilst she sung the Psalm 77
To Cleon, *on his Arrival at his Villa* 78
Tempe, *a Poem, inscrib'd to Solitude* 80
To a Friend on his Marriage 86
Lines inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord Newport, *Lord High Chancellor of* Ireland 88
Bath, *a Poem; inscrib'd to Dr.* Nugent, *Physician at* Bath 92
To a Freend 97
On seeing a Picture of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, *which was presented to the University of* Dublin 101

Ardelia,

CONTENTS.

Ardelia, *a Poem. Addreſs'd to a very agreeable young Lady* 110
To a young Lady, who had made an Epigram on Time, *but refus'd to give a Copy* 114
On a young Lady Dancing, who did great Execution without knowing it 115
Myrtilla 117
On the Hoſpital for Lying-in Women, erected in Dublin. *Inſcrib'd to the Founders* 119
On taking Porto-Bello *by Storm. Inſcrib'd to the* Vernon Club *in* Drogheda. *Written in the Year* 1740 121
Song 123
On ſeeing Mrs. Woffington *appear in ſeveral Characters* 124
A Farewel to Apollo *and the Muſes, at* Glaſnevin 126
On viewing the Monument of the Right Honourable William Conolly, *Eſq;* 128
To a Friend 129
On a public Collection made for the diſtreſs'd Remains of the Inniſkillen *and* Derry *Men. Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord* Tullamore 132
On his Excellency the Earl of Cheſterfield's *reſigning the Government of* Ireland 134

Adver-

Advertisement.

IT may be proper to inform the Reader, that the most Part of the following Pieces were wrote without any Design of their ever appearing in Print; the Author's Consciousness of the Disadvantage he lay under, hindering him from aspiring to the Rank of a Poet: But the generous Encouragement he met with from some Persons of Distinction, to whom he had the Honour of being made known, determined him to offer his Productions to the Public. It will be needless, perhaps, to declare, that he has had no Assistance from Learning. He takes this Opportunity of returning Thanks to all his Subscribers, and generous Benefactors, declaring his Ambition to extend no farther, than that of producing something not altogether unworthy their Countenance and Favour.

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S *Arrival in* Ireland.

AMIDST th' Applauſe which Art and Learning brings,
Liſten, O STANHOPE, to what Nature ſings;
Tho' rude the Notes, yet noble is the Choice;
The Subject only can ſupport the Voice.
Illuſtrious Gueſt! whoſe happy Wiſdom's known
To *Belgian* Councils, as to *Britain*'s Throne;
Whoſe Tongue inſpir'd an unreſolving State,
And fix'd *Britannia*'s as *Europa*'s Fate:
Fir'd with the Glories of thy ſplendid Name,
Thro' various Climates ſtill purſu'd by Fame,

To thee a Muſe, untaught in *Latian* Lays,
Or *Grecian* ſtile, her Voice obſcure would raiſe;
Wrapt in the Theme ſublime, would proudly ſoar,
And ſound thy Welcome to her native Shore.
Thee even Factions with one Voice require,
And Heav'n and *George* indulge the ſtrong Deſire.
See bending Crowds with willing Hearts obey,
And grateful own the delegated Sway.
Tho' ne'er great *Brunſwick* to *Hibernia* riſe,
But ſhines afar, and gladdens other Skies;
His godlike Pow'r beneficent we view,
Effulgent, and reflected all from you.
Lo, thus the Silver Subſtitute of Day,
Supplies his Abſence with a borrow'd Ray;
O'er the gay Globe, with gentle Beam preſides;
Chears the wild Waſte, and rules the teeming Tides
Whoſe heaving Boſom ſwells the public Store
With Wealth and Plenty from each diſtant Shore.
In Expectation flocks the tuneful Throng,
And glows to hail thee with a grateful Song:
As Birds, exulting on the eager Wing,
Salute the Dawnings of the gladſome Spring;
Their pouring Throats employ from Spray to Spray,
To greet the Sun, and bleſs the genial Day.
Each raptur'd Muſe ſhall now reſume her Lyre,
Swell the full Chords, and ſweep the ſounding Wire.
Sacred to thee the melting Strains ſhall flow;
To thee the Numbers, and the Strains they owe.

Thrice happy Genius, in whoſe Soul conſpire
The Stateſman's Wiſdom, and the Poet's Fire;

O Friend

O Friend to Arts! revive our drooping Iſle,
And make thoſe Arts by thy Indulgence ſmile:
Ev'n here, thy Preſence ſhall their Strength reſtore,
Tho' *Congreve*, *Steele*, *Roſcommon*, are no more;
Tho' *Morrice*, modeſt, hides his heav'nly Strains,
And *Britain*'s Senate noble *Boyle* detains;
Tho' *Swift* be dumb; for *Swift Ierne* weeps,
The Pride, the Parent of his Country, ſleeps:
His clouded Soul now darts no dazling Ray,
And faintly warms the animated Clay:
Not *Rome*'s ſad Ruins ſuch Impreſſions leave,
As Reaſon bury'd in the Body's Grave:
His living Lines ſhall mix their ſacred Fire
In Nature's Blaze, and with thy Works expire.

Nor you, great Sir, on theſe weak Numbers frown,
Which mourn a *Swift*, and ſing thy juſt Renown:
Such Strains, alas! as my unletter'd Hand,
Trembling would reach thee on the crowded Strand:
But thronging Thouſands intercept my Way,
And deaf'ning Io's drown my feeble Lay.
Yet, if a Moment from the Toils of State,
And all the Burthen of a Kingdom's Weight,
Some little Leiſure to the Muſe you lend,
(Each leiſure Moment is the Muſe's Friend)
Permit, my Lord, that my unpoliſh'd Lays,
May hope for Pardon, tho' they fail to pleaſe.

To the Right Honourable the Counteſs of CHESTERFIELD, *occaſioned by her procureing a Pardon for two Soldiers condemned for Deſertion.*

WHAT means this diſmal Sound, that March ſo ſlow,
This ſolemn Sadneſs, and this Pomp of Woe?
Behold two Victims pale and trembling led,
Already number'd with th' unheeded Dead!
What ghaſtly Terrors on each Brow we trace!
See Death imprinted on each dying Face!
Yet Love of Life aſſerts its eager Claim,
But Hope, alas! affords no flatt'ring Gleam.
Lo! the pale King in horrid Pomp appears:
What cruel Eye could then refrain from Tears?
What Heart relentleſs then forbear to melt?
Who ſaw their Sorrows, but like Sorrows felt?
How ſad the Conflict, how ſevere the Strife
Of Wretches clinging to the Verge of Life!
When angry Juſtice claim'd her promis'd Prey,
And frown'd vindictive on the kind Delay;
Thy ſaving Mercy in that Moment flew,
(The darling Attribute of Heav'n and You)
To ſoft Compaſſion won thy willing Lord,
His Juſtice temp'ring ſheath'd th' uplifted Sword;
And, in that diſmal, that tremendous Hour,
Snatch'd the pale Victims from th' offended Pow'r.

As when by adverſe Stars, or Chance miſled,
Entic'd by Lucre, or impell'd by Dread,

A Wretch from ſome high Rock's ſtupendous Brow
Hangs o'er the Waves and dreadful Depths below,
The ſlender Bough he graſps, his only Stay,
Yields to his Weight, and more and more gives Way;
Of Hope abandon'd, as the Branch he tears,
He views th' Abyſs, and as he views, deſpairs;
'Till ſome unhop'd-for Hand prevents his Doom,
Lifts him to Life, and lengthen'd Years to come:
Redeem'd from Fate, nor yet reſtor'd to Life,
They wond'ring pauſe, and feel a doubtful Strife,
If ſtill on Earth they breathe with Human Race,
Or mix with Shades in Death's obſcure Embrace;
'Till dawning Hope the dubious Horror clears,
Reveals their Safety, and diſpels their Fears.
Loud Shouts of Triumph waft thy Name on high,
And *Stanhope*'s Goodneſs fills the vaulted Sky.

Oh! hadſt thou Pow'r afflicted Realms to ſpare,
And reſcue *Europe* from the Waſte of War;
Fell Rage and Diſcord at thy Nod ſhould ceaſe,
And all Mankind enjoy the Sweets of Peace.
Then human Blood ſhould deluge Earth no more,
But Leagues of Commerce join each diſtant Shore.
You, like the Dove, the friendly Branch ſhould bring,
And blooming Olives in each Climate ſpring:
A golden Age the guilty Globe ſhould ſee,
And *Scotia* faithful as *Hibernia* be.
No Feuds inteſtine in her Boſom jar,
No Breath rebellious wakes the Trump of War:
Her martial Tribe a generous Fervour feels,
And Virtue's Strength each ſteadfaſt Hero ſteels;

For Truth and Freedom firmly they unite,
And ſtand reſolv'd to tempt the hardy Fight.
Thy *Stanhope*'s Preſence ſhall each Patriot fire,
And *George*'s Glory all their Souls inſpire.

On the SPRING.

THE mounting Sun with gladſome Ray
Makes wanton Nature ſmile;
Each Field looks green, each Garden gay,
And Birds rejoice the while.

The ſurly Winter's now no more,
The lovely Spring prevails;
No Tempeſts daſh the ſounding Shore,
Or burſt the rending Sails.

Soft Breezes, breathing through the Grove,
Already deck'd in Green,
Invite the Thruſh and Turtle Dove
With *Philomel* their Queen.

In Lays of Love they waſte the Day,
While ſhe enchants the Night;
Her Boſom leaning on ſome Spray,
To give the Gloom delight.

The ſmiling Shepherd now beholds
With Joy his teeming Flocks,
And drives them bleating to their Folds,
Amid the vocal Rocks.

The luſty Swain with Rapture ſteals
By yonder friendly Shade,
Where with Love Songs and ſoothing Tales
He charms the liſt'ning Maid.

Since *Flora* now her Mantle throws
On that tall Mountain's Head,
So lately crown'd with Winter's Snows,
By ſurly *Boreas* ſhed:

To *Phœbus'* Praiſe let Poets ſing,
And ſweep their joyful Lyres,
Whoſe chearful Beam reſtores the Spring,
And ev'ry Bard inſpires.

On the Lying-in Hoſpital in Dublin.

ON out-ſtretch'd Wings of glorious Seraphs borne,
More bright than Ev'ning Bow, or radiant Morn,
Lo Charity from Heav'n deſcends,
And Heav'nly Joy her Train attends:
Serenely meek, in Smiles array'd,
Seraphic Ardours on her wait,
Celeſtial Virtues ſhine diſplay'd,
Celeſtial Pomp adorns her State.

Around her Throne obſequious move
Soft Compaſſion, pious Love,
Melting Pity, Hopes that chear,
And from the Wretched drive Deſpair.

Divine Benevolence before her ſtands,
Grace in her Smiles and Bounty in her Hands.
She comes Religion to reſtore,
To baniſh Care from ev'ry Breaſt,
To raiſe the Sick, relieve the Poor,
And give the Weak and Weary'd Reſt.

All hail, celeſtial Goddeſs! hail!
O Charity ſublime!
Propitious ſpread thy ſacred Veil,
And cover every Crime.
Thy Sacrifice all Sin attones,
And ſtill accepted mounts on high:
You eaſe the lab'ring Mother's Groans,
You huſh the Orphan's Cry:
You brighten ev'ry Mortal Gloom,
You ſoften Anguiſh, baniſh Strife;
You take the helpleſs Infant from the Womb,
And hand it ſmiling into Life.

Devote to thee,
Here, Goddeſs, ſee
Thy Vot'ries kneel;
They fervent feel
Thy Soul-exalting Fire:
Rejoic'd they riſe
Above the Skies,
Where heav'nly Minds aſpire.

Celeſtial Gueſt,
Inflame each Breaſt
With ſocial Ardours, mutual Love;

Still more refin'd
Make Humankind,
Till each be like the Bleſs'd above.

Lines to Lord Chief Juſtice SINGLETON.

WITH love of laſting Fame inſpir'd,
I hung o'er *Swift*'s immortal Page;
His matchleſs Energy admir'd,
And kindl'd with poetick Rage.

Methought, in * *Bewly*'s bliſsful Shade
I lay, near *Boyne*'s ſmooth flowing Tide,
Where aged Elms their Arms diſplay'd,
Cloſe by a chryſtal Fountain Side.

There, to my raviſh'd Sight aroſe
All Nature's Charms, all *Eden*'s Spring;
Th' enamel'd Turf with Violets glows,
And Birds 'mid purple Fragrance ſing.

When lo! a Form divine appears,
Advancing from a Laurel Gloom,
With all the rev'rend Marks of Years,
With all the Pomp of *Greece* and *Rome*.

His ſolemn Port ſublime diſplays
Each publick Worth, each letter'd Grace;
His ſacred Head was crown'd with Bays,
And Virtue triumph'd in his Face.

* *A fine Seat near* Drogheda, *where his Lordſhip and the Author were born.*

A pious Fear fill'd all my Mind,
As on the godlike Seer I gaz'd;
To Ecſtacy and Awe reſign'd,
I lay tranſported and amaz'd.

The Muſes all around him ſmile,
Each Nymph ſuſtains a golden Lyre;
The Guardian Genius of this Iſle
Sedate attends the ſacred Sire.

The Shape etherial nearer drew,
In awful Dignity array'd,
His Country's Father ſoon I knew,
The *Drapier*'s ever honour'd Shade!

Th' illuſtrious Bard approach'd ſerene,
Inclining gracious ere he ſpoke;
Propitious Smiles adorn his Mien,
And from his Lips theſe Accents broke.

" To thee, ev'n thee! my Care extends;
(He ſaid, and reach'd his rev'rend Hand)
" To plume thy Muſe, lo! *Swift* deſcends,
" To guide thy Flight, thy Fame expand.

" Let Virtue's Pow'r thy Strains employ;
" Thy Country's Friends be always thine;
" Her faithful Sons ſtill ſing with Joy,
" And make the Patriot's Merit ſhine.

" High as thy native Tow'rs upraiſe
" 'Midſt yonder Clouds their Tops ſublime,

" His

" His Virtues ſoar who wakes thy Lays,
" Inſpires thy Muſe, demands thy Rhyme.

" Not *Athens'* Walls more worth could boaſt,
" Tho' *Plato* there imbib'd his Lore;
" Tho' *Tully* thence to *Latium's* Coaſt
" Transferr'd the bright immortal Store.

" A ſhining Sage, ſee! *Boyne* diſcloſe,
" Who pours abroad bright Wiſdom's Beams;
" From his rich Tongue Perſuaſion flows;
" And Science ſheds her lucid Streams.

" Through diſtant Climes his Fame, outſpread
" In wide expanding Rounds, prevails;
" He ſtands in loſt *Aſtrea's* Stead
" To poize aloft th' unerring Scales.

" A Worth like his my Lyre might praiſe,
" Which Flatt'ry's Finger ne'er debas'd;
" Such ſplendid Worth inſpir'd my Lays,
" When *Singleton* my Numbers grac'd."

That honour'd Sound my Senſes ſhook;
Sudden th' inſtructive Viſion fled;
Repos'd on *Swift's* inſpiring Book
I, waking, found my raptur'd Head.

On Mr. POPE's *Death.*

THESE Lines to *Pope* for ever ſacred live,
The beſt a grateful mourning Muſe can give.

To

To him, now number'd with th' immortal Dead,
This Verſe unfeign'd with flowing Eyes be read.
O Thou! applauded by the Wiſe and Great!
Nor Worth, nor Genius could poſtpone thy Fate:
Too long an Exile from the Worlds of Bliſs,
By envying Angels ſnatch'd too ſoon from this:
Thy Strains ſeraphick ſhall their Anthems raiſe,
Give Heav'n new Harmony, and God new Praiſe.

On a PICTURE *of Our Saviour's Examination before* Caiaphas; *ſent to his Grace Dr.* GEORGE STONE, *Lord Primate of* Ireland.

ON hallow'd Canvaſs, ſee! the Saviour ſhine;
And lowlieſt Meekneſs temper Beams divine.
Unclouded Sapience in his Viſage glows;
And from his Eyes benign Effulgence flows;
Reſign'd, and calm, the World's Redeemer ſtands,
And bears, with godlike Patience, impious Bands.
The *Hebrew* Prieſt beholds that Face with Fear;
And *Pilate*'s Heart confeſs'd a God was there!
No dread like this diſturbs our Pontiff's Soul;
No conſcious Fears his riſing Joys controul;
Wrapt in the Theme divine, his Boſom ſwells,
And on the ſacred Scene, delighted, dwells.
What pure Emotions his warm Soul expand,
When *Jeſus* ſtretches his appealing Hand!
The ſpotleſs Victim ſelf-devoted dies,
Whilſt Angels waft th' eternal Sacrifice.

The

The glorious Groupe elates his raptur'd Mind,
By Faith inflam'd, and Love of Humankind.

Hail, pious Paſtor! thine's th' exalted Rock,
The Crook is thine, and thine the ſacred Flock:
O'er barren Cliffs thy watchful Care extends;
On Sun-burn'd Heaths the naked Fold defends.
Beneath thy genial Eye new Flow'rs ſhall grow,
From guſhing Rocks the limpid Springs ſhall flow:
Ten thouſand Hills, ſee! crown'd with rich Increaſe,
Through vocal Vales the Lambs ſhall ſport in Peace:
Repuls'd by thee, the Wolf ſhall prowl in vain:
Nor ſhall the wily Fox infeſt the Plain.
No more miſled the wand'ring Flock ſhall ſtray,
To ambuſh'd Snares, and erring Guides, a Prey:
Within one widening Pale, th' increaſing Sheep
Unharm'd ſhall feed by Day, ſecure by Night ſhall ſleep.

To Doctor GREEN.

THE arduous Taſk, Infection to defeat,
Be thine; the Heart-corroding Pang remove,
And chearful Health to drooping Life reſtore.
From all the Channels of the vital Stream
Succeſsful drive the lurking Miſchief forth,
By ſalutary Draught, or various Skill,
By *Eſculapius* taught, with ſov'reign Pow'r
To calm the Tempeſt of the raging Blood,
When dark ſeditious vapours from the Lake
Of Life aſcend, to blot bright Reaſon's Ray,

And

And dim the Eye of Thought: when wild Uproar
Confounds the intellectual Frame, and all
The raging Anarchy of Soul prevails,
How diſmal then the Chaos of the Mind!
Each broken Sentiment and ſhatter'd Thought,
The fractur'd Phraze unhing'd, and all the Wreck
Of thinking Pow'r! Can of immortal Minds
The Offspring, Thought, with noxious Fluids blend,
And tinge Ideas in the tainted Maſs?
So cloſely ty'd is the connubial Knot,
Which weds with Fleſh the intellectual Soul;
And ſo reciprocal their tender Springs,
So correſponding are their feeling Pow'rs.
Amazing Laws! where Agents ſo unlike
United form the noble Creature Man.—
Man, after his Creator's Image made,
To Angels near a-kin; yet compaſs'd round
(Sad Legacy!) with mortal Maladies
By Fleſh inherited; a thouſand Ills
His feeble Frame obnoxious find without,
Or dreadful raiſe rebellious Feuds within;
When Inſurrections ſtrong from Humours riſe
Hoſtile, imbib'd in ſoft reſpiring Gales,
The Vehicles of Death oft found, or when
Exceſs, the Child of Appetite unrein'd,
Would act auxiliar to the Hand of Fate,
And midway ſnap the thin-ſpun Thread of Life;
Did not thy healing Hand with happy Skill
Retrieve the Wretch from Death's voracious Jaw,
Recal to Life, and diſappoint the Grave.

PHILOSOPHY, *a* POEM, *addreſſed to the* LADIES *who attended Mr.* Booth's *Lectures in* Dublin.

TO Science ſacred, Muſe, exalt thy Lays;
Science of Nature, and to Nature's Praiſe:
Attend, ye Virtuous, and rejoice to know
Her myſtic Labours, and her Laws below;
Her Ways above with curious Eyes explore,
Admire her Treaſures, and her God adore.

Behold, ye Fair! how radiant Colours glow,
What dyes the Roſe; what paints the heav'nly Bow;
The purpling Shade, the rich refracted Ray,
And all th'unblended Beams of various Day.
Lo! here, the Magnet's Magic charms the Sight,
And fills the Soul with Wonder and Delight:
In her coy Nature turns her Face aſide,
And mocks th' enquiring Sage's learned Pride.
Here, leſs reſerv'd, ſhe ſhows her plainer Courſe
In mutual Conteſt of elaſtic Force,
Which holds reciprocal in ballanc'd Strife,
The Shield of Nature, and the Fence of Life:
The ambient Atmoſphere, embracing all,
The wide Circumf'rence of this circling Ball,
Saving each vital Frame from cruſhing Fate;
For inward Act ſuſtains external Weight:
The Vehicle of Life to thoſe that breathe
On ſolid Land, or liquid Waves beneath,
The Univerſe pervading, filling Space,
And, like its Maker, unconfin'd to Place.

What

What pleaſing Fervours in each Boſom riſe!
What deep Attention, and what fix'd Surpriſe!
When, quick as Thought, th' Electric Vigour ſprings
Swifter than Lightning on its rapid Wings;
A Flight ſo inſtant, to no Space confin'd,
Eludes Ideas, and outſtrips the Mind.
Lo! to the Brain the bright Effluvium flies;
Glows in the Heart, and flaſhes from the Eyes.
Here, with new Raptures, the fond Youth ſhall gaze,
With Joy tranſmitting the ecſtatic Blaze.
See! the coy Nymph partake his Flame by Turns,
See, like a Seraph, how ſhe ſmiles and burns!

Contracted here, by wond'rous Art, is ſeen
A boundleſs Syſtem in a ſmall Machine.
Here, human Skill, to proud Perfection brought,
The mortal Mimic of Omnific Thought;
Th' Almighty's Model, to the Mind conveys
The Univerſe, and all its Pow'rs diſplays;
How wander Planets, how revolves the Year,
The Moon how changes, and how Comets glare:
The Sun's bright Globe illumes th' unmeaſur'd Space,
Whilſt waiting Worlds enjoy, by Turns, his Face;
From his rich Preſence drink th' All-quick'ning Soul,
From him their Days aſcend, their Seaſons roll.
See! Wiſdom here her brighteſt Beams diſplay,
To fill the Mind with Philoſophic Day:
The Springs unfolding of Mechanic Laws,
Tracing, through known Effects, th' Eternal Cauſe,
Whoſe pow'rful *Fiat*, whoſe creative Will
Firſt founded Nature, and ſupports her ſtill.

Here,

Here, God-like *Newton*'s all-capacious Mind,
The Glory, and the Guide of Humankind,
Shows wedded Worlds far diſtant Worlds embrace
With mutual Bands, yet keep their deſtin'd Space;
Roll endleſs Meaſures through th' etherial Plain,
Link'd by the ſocial, ſtrong, attractive Chain,
Whoſe latent Springs exert all Nature's Force,
Enwrap the Poles, and point the Stars their Courſe.
Myſterious Energy! ſtupendous Theme!
Immediate Mover of this boundleſs Frame!
Who can thy Eſſence, or thy Pow'r explain?
The Sons of Wiſdom ſeek thy Source in vain:
Thy Self inviſible, yet ſeen thy Laws,
This glorious Fabric thy Effect, and God the Cauſe.

Thrice happy few! that wiſely here attend
The Voice of Science, and her Cauſe befriend;
Let others, heedleſs of their youthful Prime,
Squander on empty Joys their fleeting Time;
'Tis your's, with Reaſon's ſearching Eye to view
Great Nature's Laws, and trace her winding Clue.
Behold her Book, th' inſtructive Page expand,
Fill'd with the Wonders of her Maker's Hand,
In awful Characters, which clearly ſhine,
Worthy of Wiſdom, and of Pow'r Divine.
Peruſe God's Ways, his perfect Workings trace;
In Nature's Mirror ſhines his heav'nly Face.

To you, bright Nymphs, where Wiſdom charms us moſt,
The Pride of Nature, and Creation's Boaſt;

To you, Philoſophy, enamour'd, flies,
And triumphs in the Plaudit of your Eyes.
When Worth, like yours, her ſhining Throne ſuſtains,
The Queen of Science with true Splendor reigns;
By Beauty aided, ſhe extends her Sway,
And, won by you, Mankind glad Homage pay.

On the vain Purſuits and imperfect Enjoyments of HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE, like a Play-thing, humours us a-while;
We prize the Bauble, at its Trinkets ſmile;
Each glitt'ring Trifle ſtills us for a Day,
Then, Children-like, we throw that Toy away;
With froward Minds we long for ſomething new,
And ſtill a vain Variety purſue.
The diſtant Object which we covet moſt,
If once enjoy'd, is in Poſſeſſion loſt:
Thoſe Hills from far, with ſeeming Verdure crown'd,
A cloſer View has bleak and barren found.
Led on by Hope, we tread the Fairy Maze,
And eager graſp at ſomething ſtill to pleaſe:
A dear-bought Wiſdom Diſappointment ſhews;
In Life's blank Lott'ry all may fear to loſe.

The Miſer, anxious for his hoarded Gold,
Starves in Abundance, and in Want grows old;
With ſqueezing Palm he gripes his Mammon faſt,
And clinches cloſer as he breathes his laſt;
For Strangers hoards his Piles of mouldy Pelf,
Who ſoon ſhall waſte what he denies himſelf:

Penurious

enurious Madman, anxious for his Heap,
Lab'ring to ſow what other Hands muſt reap.

By Midnight Lamps the poring Sage has paſt
His painful Life, and is deceiv'd at laſt;
Huge Volumes from his teeming Thoughts he draws,
Imagin'd Monuments of vaſt Applauſe,
Which ſhall to diſtant Years tranſmit him down,
And teach Poſterity his great Renown;
Pleas'd with the Proſpect, he reſigns his Breath,
And fondly triumphs over Time and Death;
When, lo! his Works, an uſeleſs Lumber, rot,
And are, with him, in half an Age forgot.

Through Foes for Fame the Soldier hews his Way,
Provoking Fate, and Fame ſhall be his Pay;
For this young *Ammon* ſeeks to ſcale the Skies,
And frantic *Charles* impartial Fate defies:
'Twas this made Heroes in all Ages bleed,
That Men unborn might envy every Deed.

Deluded Mortals labour oft in vain,
By Death prevented ere they count their Gain:
What Gain, alas! can be expected here,
Where all Things fail, and nothing's found ſincere?
Yet human Vanity aſſerts her Claim,
And courts an empty Echo for a Name.
This Paſſion prone to loweſt Ranks deſcends,
The coarſeſt Clown for clumſey Fame contends;
Ambition ebbing to its Vulgar Lee,
Ferments in Dregs, and warms each baſe Degree.

Since

Since Life's Enjoyments weigh not half its Ill,
And nothing here the human Soul can fill,
To diſtant Objects ſhe muſt turn her Eye,
And preſent Wants by future Hopes ſupply;
Such Hopes, well grounded, ſpeak her truly wiſe,
And lift her Wiſhes to their native Skies,
Above the Reach of Rumour's feeble Sounds,
And Fame that circles in ſurviving Rounds.

To graſp at Happineſs is all our View,
Through diff'rent Tracks her Footſteps we purſue;
Whilſt each his own fallacious Path approves,
As Int'reſt leads, or Inclination moves:
Yet moſt through Error loſe their wiſh'd-for Way,
Who ſets out wrong, muſt wander far aſtray.

Some, plung'd in Riot, ſeek their ſov'reign Good
From tilting Spirits, and tumultuous Blood;
With large Potations Reaſon's Voice depreſs,
And drown her Clamours in the deep Exceſs;
'Midſt reeking Fumes exhale their Lives away,
Whilſt late Repentance and a ſwift Decay,
Purſuing cloſe at Pleaſure's lawleſs Heels,
Bring all the Woes deſpairing Frenzy feels:
When Lungs decay'd, and Nerves convulſive ſhake,
Each pungent Pang confirms the mad Miſtake:
Reflection then on Reaſon's Aid ſhall call,
Bid Prudence prop what Folly dooms to fall.
In vain much Wealth for Happineſs we try;
Soft Pleaſures pall, and ſoon as taſted die.
Ambition giddy on its Summit grows;
And Crowns ſit heavy on the Monarch's Brows:

Our

Our Knowledge too, in narrow Bounds confin'd,
Defrauds our Hopes, and diſappoints the Mind:
Lo! all Enjoyments are imperfect here,
And Pleaſure's Cup is ever mix'd with Care.
Since all Conditions their own Wants proclaim,
Is then this Happineſs an empty Name?
A meer Deluſion in our warm Embrace?
A flitting Phantom which we fondly chace?
Can nothing here the eager Mind ſuſtain?
Is Health a Shadow, or is Virtue vain?
The one in Abſence we too late regard;
The other fails, nor is its own Reward:
Continu'd Health's true Value's ſeldom known,
And Virtue's ſtrangely out of Faſhion grown.

As they who ſail by *India*'s fragrant Shore,
Relax their Speed, and ev'ry Gale devour;
Baſk in the Breezes breath'd from Spicey Lands,
Yet ſound the Rocks and ſhun the ſhelving Sands;
To their intended Coaſt they ſlowly ſteer,
Enjoy the Paſſage, but not anchor there.

So we through Life with calm Content ſhould roam,
Endure the Journey, not miſtake our Home.
What here we reap is for Refreſhment giv'n;
Convenient Stages in our Way to Heav'n:
What Taſte of Happineſs we find below,
Muſt from Religion's ſacred Fountain flow;
When gentle Paſſions move obedient ſtill,
And Reaſon rules, and Wiſdom guides the Will.
This Soul-felt calm can ev'ry Ill remove,
And gives an Earneſt of the Joys above,

Draws

Draws the bright Scene, unfolds the Gates of Bliſs,
A Life celeſtial, and begun in this.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron MOUNTNEY.

THO' Crowds, litigious, to the Town reſort,
And eager Clients fill the noiſy Court,
You Cryer,—ſilence yonder buzzing Throng;
Be huſh'd the Bar, for *Lelius* reads my Song.
Let Oaks and Acres undetermin'd ſtand,
No Cauſe be mov'd but of Poetic Land;
Parnaſſian Palms ſhall money'd Suits retard,
And *Jones* in *forma pauperis* be heard:
Whilſt he, ſtill anxious for the Sentence, fears
His Loſs of Laurels as a Loſs of Ears:
Yet on his Judge's Friendſhip would depend;
But he in judging never knows a Friend.
Of Wit and Wealth impartial weighs the Claim;
What Mulct more grievous than a Fine on Fame?
Yet that, e'en that, I'll bear, if he decide,
Who heals my Weakneſs, whilſt he wounds my Pride.
Begin, my Muſe, *Britannia* claims thy Strains,
Her fertile Vallies, and her flow'ry Plains;
Thrice happy *Britain*, on whoſe Boſom grows
What Earth, all-bounteous, yields, or Art beſtows;
Delighted here my wond'ring Eyes ſurvey,
In Winter's Frown the ſmiling Groves look gay;
The Mountains mantl'd in rich Bloom appear,
And Larks and Nightingales miſtake the Year.
The Muſe in vain would local Beauties ſing,
Where all is Rapture, and where all is Spring;

Yet

Yet *Hampton*'s copious Lawns demand my Song,
They charm'd me early, and they charm'd me long;
Within thy Shades, from ſcorching Suns ſecure,
Thy Noons were pleaſing, and thy Morns were pure;
In Viſions wrapt among thy Groves I lay,
Or on thy cool Canals enjoy'd the Day:
The ſweet Remembrance in my Boſom ſwells;
There Bliſs untainted, and my *Tilſon* dwells:
Long there may Health endear each ſmiling Hour,
Bloom in the Beam, and bleſs the genial Bow'r;
Domeſtic Happineſs from Heav'n deſcend,
And ev'ry earthly Joy ſurround my Friend,
Who took me timely in his gen'rous Hand,
Diſmay'd and wand'ring in a foreign Land;
Who made me, ſmiling, with a Soul confeſs'd
His warm Aſſociate, and his welcome Gueſt;
Beneath his hoſpitable Roof retir'd,
His Humour charm'd me, and his Senſe inſpir'd.

His *Mira* there in Virtue's Form is ſeen,
Peace in her Smile, and Pleaſure in her Mien;
Winning Attraction and connubial Grace
Breathe in her Air, and brighten in her Face:
Accompliſh'd thus to chear and temper Life,
To Pride a Stranger, and unknown to Strife;
Mild and harmonious as the Breath of *May*,
When Ev'ning Gales o'er Beds of Roſes play;
She gently moves, and with her moves a Band,
Three ſmiling Graces at her guiding Hand;
Delightful Babes, whoſe lovely Faces ſhow
The Morn's Vermilion, and the Noon-tide Glow,

Whoſe

Whoſe blooming Spring a Mother's Hope employs,
Her Pledge and Promiſe of maturer Joys;
Like tender Vines, whoſe Bloſſoms deck the Year,
Ere Boughs extend, or rip'ning Fruits appear,
Th' indulgent Warmth her genial Pow'r ſupplies,
And bids the future Fragrance fill the Skies.
With her two Nymphs in letter'd League combin'd,
Of virtuous Sentiment and Taſte refin'd;
Siſters in Science join'd, and poliſh'd Eaſe;
And each bright Talent to improve or pleaſe;
External Beauty ſeems their ſmalleſt Share,
Tho' none more lovely, and tho' few ſo fair;
Yet Strength of Mind with Judgment's added Weight,
And gentleſt Manners, make their Charms complete.

Take thou the Verſe, accept the grateful Line,
Which to thy *Tilſon*'s Worth I pay, and thine;
To thee, O MOUNTNEY! let my Strains aſcend,
Forgive my Freedom, when I call thee Friend.
Aw'd by thy Judgment, let my Conduct be
From mean Aſſurance and from Flatt'ry free:
Tho' low my Station, let my Thoughts aſpire;
You rais'd my Genius, and you fann'd my Fire.
By your Example warm'd, I took my Flight
On feeble Wings, yet kept you ſtill in Sight;
Ambitious ſtill your Path ſublime to tread,
Where Wiſdom pointed, and where Virtue led;
Fond of the Precept, I the Practice try'd,
Proud to approach you, but with humble Pride.

The Character of a true Patriot, and a good Man.

HAIL, happy Man, for public Good design'd,
Whose Tongue declares the Message of thy Mind,
In Language such as ancient *Rome* might hear,
When *Cæsar* shook, and *Tully* thunder'd there!
Lo! awful Courts with solemn Silence bend,
And sacred Senates on your Voice attend,
When there you right the injur'd Orphan's Cause,
Or here promote a Nation's wholesome Laws:
What pleasing Fervour in each Bosom glows,
When, smooth as *Boyne*, your Elocution flows,
Your Sense as deep, as clear your happy Theme,
Your Stile as strong, yet gentle as its Stream;
Bless'd in each Thought, with every Virtue bless'd,
Which warms the Patriot's or the Parent's Breast.
These sacred Dignities, illustrious Names,
Your Country honours, and your Offspring claims:
To both indulgent, you each Hour employ,
Abroad their Ornament, at home their Joy.
Your firm Integrity is still the same,
No Slave to Prejudice, no Fool to Fame;
Your stedfast Principles the Test abide,
Spurn at Corruption, or Ambition's Pride;
True to your Country, to your King sincere,
Detesting Flatt'ry, and contemning Fear;
Scorning to swim down Faction's head-long Flood;
A Patriot only for the public Good:
In Worth accomplish'd, and to Truth resign'd,
Humane to Failings, and to Merit kind.

Such were the Virtues, ſuch their high Degree,
Which from bright Anceſtors beam down on Thee;
Yet ſhin'ſt thou not with mere imputed Rays,
The faint Reflection of a borrow'd Blaze;
Each envy'd Dignity you make more known,
Bright'ning their Luſtre as you ſpread your own;
No Gleam ſhall ſink in Time's devouring Gloom,
They'll gild Oblivion, and ſurvive the Tomb.
When falling Monuments their Truſt betray,
And Marbles moulder like their Duſt away;
When Nature's Frame a dreadful Ruin lies,
And all her Beauty, all her Order dies,
Immortal Virtue ſhall tranſcend her Date,
Look down on Death, and triumph over Fate,
And ſure if Reaſon, with exalted Eye,
Purſues her Footſteps to the Realms on high,
Through Life's Viciſſitudes ſtill preſſing on
With Speed unwearied, till the Prize is won;
That pious Ardour muſt true Wiſdom be,
In thoſe who ſeek it, and purſue like thee.
Firm to your Purpoſe, in reſolving wiſe,
By Juſtice guided to th' important Prize;
Above Misfortune's unexpected Blow,
That Lot of Mortals in this Vale below;
Reſign'd to Heav'n when he to bleſs forbears,
And wiſely thankful for the Good he ſpares:
And let me add, O may it not offend!
The Muſe's Fav'rite, and the Muſe's Friend.

On his Royal Highneſs the Duke of CUMBERLAND'*s Succeſs at the* Hague.

WHilſt grateful *Britons* lift their loud Applauſe
For ſacred Rights redeem'd, and reſcu'd Laws;
A People ſav'd, the joyful Sound proclaim,
And ev'ry Boſom ſwells with *William*'s Name.
His Country freed, he glows for Humankind,
And *Europe*'s Safety fills his mighty Mind.
Lo! *Belgian* States the Royal Envoy warms,
Inflames their Breaſts, and fires their Souls to Arms:
Rous'd by his Voice, the fatal Chain they broke,
And ſaw with Horror the impending Yoke.
To naked View each *Gallic* Scheme he ſhows;
That *France* and Freedom are eternal Foes:
Her luring Bait he ſtrips of all Diſguiſe,
Op'ning the deadly Snare to *Europe*'s Eyes.
The mighty Chiefs, amaz'd, beheld with Fear
The Storm black frowning, and their Fate ſo near;
Their anxious Minds the God-like Prince allay'd,
They court his Councils, and implore his Aid:
To Him the Nations gath'ring from afar,
Intruſt their Plans of Peace, their Hopes of War.
Hail, mighty Chief! hail! darling glorious Youth!
Guardian of Liberty, and injur'd Truth!
Britannia's Boaſt, whoſe early Virtues ſtood
'Midſt rending Thunders firm, in Fields of Blood
Wading victorious through the Crimſon Tide,
And *France* defeated at thy Father's Side!
On Thee our utmoſt Hopes, our Joys, depend;
On Thee, the Tyrant's Foe, and Freedom's Friend.

Go forth, Invincible, aſſert the Field;
Juſtice ſhall lend her Sword, and Truth her Shield.
Go forth, great Prince, with conſcious Worth elate,
Whilſt Angels guard thee in the Files of Fate.
Thy Cauſe ſhall triumph o'er the deſtin'd Foe,
And Heav'n ſhall guide, and ſtrengthen every Blow:
When Battles rage, Succeſs ſhall round thee play,
And each be like *Culloden*'s glorious Day.

To a Young GENTLEMAN.

PRevailing Vice ſtill fetters ſordid Souls;
And yielding Virtue at her Will controuls;
An Over-match, alas! too frequent found,
When foil'd Religion muſt herſelf give Ground.
Rebellious Nature, with unbounded Sway,
Perverts the Will, and leads the Mind aſtray,
Inflames the Soul, excites deprav'd Deſires,
Kindles to Luſt, and lights up fatal Fires;
Unruly Paſſions in the Heart ariſe,
And all that's rational before them flies;
Like reſtive Courſers we ſtill headlong run,
Our Speed encreaſing as the Goal we ſhun,
Whilſt hot and haſty in th' erroneous Track,
Our Strength we weary, and our Nerves we ſlack:
When boiling Blood, fermenting in our Veins
The raging Fever of the Soul ſuſtains,
Wild and delirious in the frantick Stretch,
We drive at Happineſs beyond our Reach;
'Till cooling Age affords us Time to think,
And pauſing checks us on the utmoſt Brink.

When

When grey Experience makes us anxious mourn,
And points the Way by which we'd fain return:
But O! too ſteep the backward Brow appears;
And who can clamber with a Load of Years?
Our miſ-ſpent Youth is then beyond our Pow'r,
No Morning Ray can gild our Ev'ning Hour;
Fearful and faint our Wand'rings we regret,
In Clouds decline, in total Darkneſs ſet.

Thrice happy he, who goes not young aſtray,
By Wiſdom guided in his early Way:
Her radiant Lamp ſhall light his Footſteps on,
Where all the Good and Great are ſafely gone.
Tho' Wiſdom's Summit we aſcend with Pain,
The Labour ceaſes when the Point we gain;
Revolving Doubts no longer then retard,
When Hope is ſwallow'd in the vaſt Reward.
Go on, my Friend, th' exalted Palm ſecure;
Who ſeeks a Crown muſt gen'rous Toils endure.

RATH-FARNHAM, *a* POEM.

Addreſſed to WILLIAM PALISER, *Eſq;*

AS in the moral World we, wond'ring, ſee
Such diff'rent Stations, yet ſuch juſt Degree;
Which all contribute wiſely to ſuſtain
The mutual Intercourſe, and ſocial Chain,
Whoſe Links in regular Gradation fall,
Whilſt all on one, and each depends on all:

Wiſe Nature, thus, proportions her Degrees,
From Shrubs to Cedars, and from Brooks to Seas;
As princely Dignities, exalted, riſe,
So lofty Mountains meet the bending Skies;
Inferior Honours hold inferior State,
As leſſer Hills upon thoſe Mountains wait;
Things great and ſmall, if ſmall and great there be,
In Contraſt ſtand; tho' oppoſite, agree;
The thund'ring Tempeſt, and the rolling Whale,
The Bee that murmurs in the Morning Gale,
All, all, one apteſt Harmony combine,
And ſpeak the Author of their Frame, Divine!
Hence, various Seaſons various Beauties bring,
The naked Winter, as the liv'ry'd Spring;
Hence diff'rent Objects charm th' expanded Soul,
And lift her Thoughts to one ſtupendous Whole!
Ten thouſand Pleaſures on my Senſes pour;
The craggy Precipice, the blooming Bow'r,
The winding Rivulet, the flow'ry Vale,
The Grove that quivers in the fragrant Gale,
The glad'ning Viſta, the extended View,
The Hills invellop'd in yon azure Blue.

Here, fair † *Eblana* fills the wond'ring Eye,
Her ſtately Pillars prop th' incumbent Sky;
Herſelf a Queen majeſtically great;
A thouſand Villas at her Levee wait;
A thouſand Palaces her Pomps increaſe,
With *Grecian* Grandeur, and with *Roman* Grace;
Her op'ning Arms are ſocially diſplay'd,
Inviting Commerce, and embracing Trade:

A floating

† *Dublin.*

A floating Foreſt on her Boſom rides,
The daily Tribute of her ſwelling Tides;
Exulting Plenty warms her vig'rous Veins;
And Health and Peace are her's;—for *Stanhope* reigns.

There eaſtward ſhines, fair Emblem of his Pow'r,
Aloft, rever'd, great * *Atticus* his Bow'r;
Tho' high in Place, yet eaſy to aſcend,
Whoſe Shades give Shelter, and whoſe Courts defend;
Sublime Retreat! where Wiſdom finds Repoſe,
To weigh the Widow's Wrongs, and Orphan's Woes;
Where eaſy Grandeur from the World withdraws;
And Goodneſs tempers Lenity with Laws.

Yon diſtant † Groves: warm Gratitude compels
To ſing the Shades where letter'd *Lelius* dwells;
To Juſtice dear, to Mercy ſtill inclin'd,
Eſteem'd by Virtue, lov'd by all Mankind:
Whoſe Soul is Equity, whoſe Voice is Law,
Whoſe Words give Rapture, and whoſe Preſence Awe;
Whoſe Judgment triumphs in the faireſt Light,
And ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in a Nation's Sight;
Whoſe Wit enlivens ev'ry ſocial Scene,
The beſt accompliſh'd, and the moſt humane:
Forgive me, *Lelius*, that I once offend
My Patron, Guide, and let me add, my Friend.

From hence, my Muſe, thy roving Eyes reclaim,
Contract thy Subject, and purſue thy Theme.
To yonder ſtately Pile direct thy Flight,
Whoſe Form looks lovely, and whoſe Parts delight;

* *Lord Chancellor.* † *Mr. Baron* Mountney.

Whoſe rich Embelliſhments true Taſte diſplay,
So dreſs'd *Sophronia* in her youthful Day,
When, like the golden Flow'r in Summer's Pride,
She ſhone, her Siſter blooming at her Side;
Till from the Crowd ſhe penſive fled, to mourn
Her lov'd *Eliza* ſleeping in her Urn,
And o'er her Tomb reclin'd, the live-long Day,
Forgets ſhe e'er was fair, or e'er was gay.
There Pomp and Decency together reign,
Diſcreetly temper'd in the juſteſt Mean:
Here Hoſpitality, by Prudence crown'd,
Deals her unerring Bounty all around.
In thee, *Rath-farnham*, *Eden*'s Bloom revives,
And teeming Nature in thy Valley thrives:
Thy Hills, high rais'd above th' extended Plain,
O'erlook a Continent, command the Main,
Feaſt the ſtretch'd Sight with Proſpects unconfin'd,
And open endleſs Pleaſures to the Mind:
Here, high with horrid Brows o'erhang the Rocks:
Beneath, lie Lawns out-ſtretch'd, and fleecy Flocks:
The gloomy Thickets, and the op'ning Glade,
The Arch magnific, and the clear Caſcade,
Whoſe Chryſtal Sheets in dazling Circles p'ay,
Pierc'd with th' Effulgence of the Noon-tide Ray;
Whence vocal Streams o'er Silver Pebbles float,
Whilſt dimpling Eddies dance to ev'ry Note.
How gay the Garden, how ſerene the Bow'r,
Where tranquil Thought enjoys the bliſsful Hour!
Far from the World's tumultuous empty Noiſe,
Here, virtuous Luxury herſelf enjoys;
Wak'd by ſoft Zephyrs, and the purpling Dawn,
Inhales the Breezes o'er the dewy Lawn;

Intent

Intent the figur'd Fountain's Form to ſcan,
Or ſketch the Embrio of ſome nobler Plan;
Genius ſtill brings each grand Idea forth,
And happy Judgment crowns its riſing Worth.
Lo! Nature, here, and Art for ever vie;
And Art the Mind, and Nature charms the Eye:
Prolific Earth diſclaims the genial Skies;
And Chymic Heat the abſent Sun ſupplies,
Exotic Bloſſoms, Northern Blaſts that ſhun,
Nor own a Parent but the Southern Sun,
'Midſt freezing Winds enjoy a ſultry Clime,
And flouriſh fruitful with a Summer's Prime;
Births premature adorn the ſmiling Glebe,
And Nature wonders at each Foſter Babe.
Enchanting Scene! here *Paliſer* retires;
Here, ſacred Science all his Soul inſpires;
The Scene with Pleaſure and Surprize we ſcan,
And ev'ry thing admire; but moſt the Man.

To a FRIEND who had writ Verſes to Mr. POPE, *in the Perſon of* APOLLO, *occaſioned by hearing that Poet abus'd.*

OH! wonder not, *Varus*, fell Cynicks ſhould cenſure,
Who ſnarl by Retail, and who bark at a Venture,
As Beagles whoſe Jaws are wide open to ſwallow,
Can by one ſingle Yelp make all the Pack follow:
Such Criticks at random a Wit would devour;
Unhappy the Author who falls in their Pow'r:
At his Perſon or Parts they ſtill level their Fury;
When *Envy* is Judge you will need a good Jury:

For blind to thoſe Beauties which dazzle our Sight,
Whoſe Glitter amazes and gives ſuch Delight;
Like Moles in the Dark, while they grope for a Fault,
They throw up the Rubbiſh by which they are caught;
So ill Nature excites a dull Dunce in deſcanting,
And Malice provokes him where Judgment is wanting;
As Maſtiffs in Fury will bark at the Moon,
And Frogs from their Quagmire dare croak at the Sun.
Dan Pope, who was nurs'd by the Muſes and Graces,
Whoſe Worth with his Years ſtill improves and increaſes,
Above their ſhort Reach while o'er *Pindus*' high Head,
His Name in wide Circles immortal ſhall ſpread;
Yet him the great Monarch of Genius and Wit,
A Bantling of *Dennis* endeavour'd to hit;
And labour'd to ſpatter, juſt like his dull Sire,
What Aſſes will envy, and Mankind admire.
So Madmen, when frantick, throw Dirt at the Skies,
Tho' the Filth in deſcending ſtill falls in their Eyes.
'Tis ſurely amazing ſuch Fools ſhould purſue
A Poet defended by *Phœbus* and you:
Defended by *Phœbus*, who lends him his Lyre,
And brightens his Genius with all his own Fire;
Delighting to viſit the Bard in his Way,
To ſmile over *Twickenham* with Pleaſure each Day,
To dart down Effulgence, and from his high Noon
To gild the green Laurels, and ſhine on his Son:
While you in the Bower imbibing his Blaze,
Inſpir'd by your Friendſhip, and deſtin'd to pleaſe,
Reſolving your eminent Leader to follow,
You liſted for *Pope*, and you writ with *Apollo*.

Thus

Thus they by Alliance are bound to ſuſtain
Your affable Talent and humorous Vein;
When impudent Scribblers, who Envy inherit,
Preſume to invade or your Perſon or Merit.
Such Creatures whoſe Opticks with Film are o'erſpread,
Can only perceive what is gloomy and ſad;
As Owls at high Noontide avoid the clear Ray,
And chooſe the brown Horror to ſeek for their Prey:
Or, as Ideots, to form a Diſtinction, unable,
Would trample on Corals in Search of a Pebble.

To THOMAS ADDERLY, *Eſq*;

THE Muſe abaſh'd thy leiſure Hour attends,
To thee diſmay'd her thankful Tribute ſends,
So long by tim'rous Diffidence delay'd,
And now, tho' late, (alas!) thus poorly paid.
Yet ſtill preſuming humbly to appear
With grateful Wiſhes, and with Soul ſincere,
She bids thee Welcome from the Waves and Wind,
Nor ſings unmindful of thy Care behind;
From whom, with weeping Eyes, compell'd to part,
Slowly you turn'd, and brought but half your Heart;
Th' illuſtrious † Youth with Juſtice claims the reſt,
Since all thy Image fills his filial Breaſt.
Him ſhall thy Precepts ſhield on ev'ry Side,
Through ev'ry changing Clime his Guard and Guide;

Safely

† *The Right Hon. Lord Viſcount* Charlemount, *now on his Travels.*

Safely you ſend him with Ideas fraught,
Impreſs'd by Science, and by Wiſdom taught:
Of Rank tho' conſcious, and to Pow'r ally'd,
Yet bearing Titles with becoming Pride:
Whoſe Mind Religion's genuine Beauty warms;
Whom manly Piety, whom Reaſon charms:
Accompliſh'd thus to ſtretch his early Ken,
And ſteer with Safety through the Ways of Men,
Secure he launches on the dang'rous Tide,
And ſhuns the Shelves and Rocks on either Side;
Caught by no *Syren*'s ſoft bewitching Mien;
In Calms ſtill cautious, and in Storms ſerene;
Through Life's all-varying Courſe ſedately ſteers,
His Pilot, Prudence, ſtill improv'd by Years.
With Tranſport ſhalt thou view the home-bound Sail
Gliding triumphant in the proſp'rous Gale,
Nor more by anxious tender Fears diſmay'd,
Thy gen'rous Toils ſhall all be well repaid.
How few, like him, by wiſe Inſtruction aw'd,
At home his Country's Pride, her Boaſt abroad!
Like him, how few make Learning's Heights their Aim,
And climb, and pant to graſp at virtuous Fame!
Go then, bleſs'd Youth! expand thy curious Mind,
Go, and remark the Wiles of Humankind:
How Cuſtom ſways, how Pow'r ſupports Applauſe,
How ſlaviſh Yokes are ſanctify'd by Laws;
Where Nature charms, the Tyrant's Frown annoys;
And Prieſtly Pride the heavenly Smile deſtroys.
If blooming *Italy* inchants thine Eye,
Its flow'ry Summits, and its Chryſtal Sky,
With Pity view thoſe Slaves whom Rigours goad,
Who groan and toil beneath the galling Load.

When

When Freedom's fled, what Joy to Man remains?
Who'd wiſh to drag in Paradiſe his Chains?

See ancient *Rome*, where Earth's grand Tyrants ſway'd,
Now Time's ſad Prey, in Heaps of Ruin laid:
Recording Stone in dumb Confuſion lies,
Whilſt *Virgil*'s deathleſs Song his Stroke defies.
Bright in the Lyric Bard's immortal Page
Mecenas ſhines through ev'ry diſtant Age,
Through ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Language known,
The Patron's Fame has with the Poet's flown.
How glows thy Breaſt to equal ev'ry Deed!
How kindles at his Glories as you read!

Oh! could my Muſe inſure her ſhort-liv'd Song,
Like *Horace* ſprightly, and like *Virgil* ſtrong,
To Time's laſt Stage my envy'd Name ſhould ſhine,
And bloom, immortal, by recording thine.

VERSES *inſcrib'd to the Revd. Dr.* DELANY.

A Youth, whom Folly long had led aſide,
Was bleſs'd with Reaſon, but o'er run with Pride:
His Mind with Judgment and with Senſe was fraught;
Piercing his Wit, ſagacious was his Thought;
By Nature fitted to diſcern aright,
Whilſt Science ſharpen'd and improv'd his Sight:
But loſt to Virtue in his early Way,
He walk'd the Path which led him wide aſtray:

An

An ill Example his ſtrong Paſſion ſways
The foul Infection on his Morals preys:
Religion mock'd he daily hears and ſees,
Endures it firſt, then likes it by Degrees;
'Till with the potent Poiſon all o'erſpread,
His Conſcience ſlumbers, and his Fears are fled.
Now plung'd in Vice, he feels no Pang within,
But ſports with Death, and baſks ſecure in Sin:
With horrid Blaſphemies is nightly pleas'd:
A dying Saviour, and a God appeas'd,
Are Subjects made for ſhocking Ridicule,
When Wits run wanton in the mad Miſ-rule:
Religion, fled, had left no feeble Trace;
Nor in his Heart remain'd one Mark of Grace.
Perverſe, forlorn, O Death, he's wholly thine,
A rip'ning Victim to the Wrath Divine;
The angry Bolt in Heaven's right Hand grows red,
And aims Deſtruction at his guilty Head,
When gracious Providence, with Smile ſerene,
Bade melting Mercy gently ſtep between.
Some Angel guides him with celeſtial Care,
And leads him, heedleſs, to the Houſe of Pray'r,
Where, haply, *Paulus*, in fair Truth's Defence,
(His Armour, Reaſon; and his Weapon, Senſe)
Awful aroſe, and with perſuaſive Art,
Diſplays the Preacher's, and th' Apoſtle's Part;
Deſtin'd the harden'd Sinner to ſubdue;
His Words reſiſtleſs, as his Cauſe was true.
The liſt'ning Youth with conſcious Tremblings heard
The mighty Truths his pow'rful Tongue declar'd,
Alternate Changes in his Face ariſe,
The Crimſon Bluſh in ſudden Paleneſs dies;

He

He ſtands amaz'd, his Eyes with Horror roll,
Conviction flaſhes on his inmoſt Soul.
Now Hope and Fear are in his Heart at Strife,
Eternal Torments, and eternal Life;
Ideas, fearful, in his Mind renew,
And open, dreadful, to his anxious View:
His frozen Heart to Faith's warm Beam gives Way,
Like Snow diſſolving in the Noontide Ray;
And from his Eyes repentant Drops diſtil:
Like hallow'd Dew on *Hermon*'s ſacred Hill;
Virtue and Truth reſume their native Place,
And Vice and Error now reſign to Grace;
Convinc'd, ſubdu'd, the yielding Convert ſtands,
And lifts on high his ſupplicating Hands:
The humbled Penitent low bends to God,
And thanks the Hand which held the healing Rod:
This ſtraying Lamb, whom Error long miſled,
Now, ſacred Shepherd, in thy Fold is fed:
Reſtor'd to taſte, with thy well-tended few,
The living Fountain, and the fragrant Dew.
A greater Triumph in his Change is won,
Than *Julius* earn'd, or *Philip*'s haughty Son:
Not *Indian* Treaſures yield ſo bright a Crown;
Not conquer'd Worlds can claim ſuch true Renown.
Go on, admir'd, thy heav'nly Power employ,
Give Sinners Comfort, and give Angels Joy:
Be ſtill ambitious of ſuch glorious Fame,
And add new Trophies to thy Rev'rend Name.

An ESSAY *on the* WEAKNESS *of* HUMAN KNOWLEDGE, *and the Uncertainty of mortal Life.*

OF Truths involv'd we vainly boaſt to know,
Or Secrets ſunk in Nature's Womb too low;
Where our ſhort Sight affords a feeble Gleam,
Like flitting Viſions in ſome wand'ring Dream.
There, wrapt in Mazes of Uncertainty,
Suſpending Reaſon doubts her own Decree,
Diſcerns her Weakneſs, muſt her Search confine,
Too dim her Opticks, and too ſhort her Line
To fathom Depths that in thick Darkneſs lie,
And ſink impervious to the mental Eye.

A thouſand Things correct our wanton Pride,
And Doubts on Doubts ariſe on ev'ry Side:
What are the univerſal Fabrick's Laws?
Or if Attraction be th' immediate Cauſe,
That knits the Springs of the revolving Sphere,
Excites its Movements, makes its Parts cohere.
Through yonder Arch a trackleſs Space explore,
Or mark the Waves on this reſounding Shore,
What guides the Stars in their ſtupendous Courſe,
Through complex Motion, and contending Force?
How ebbing Seas from ſhelving Shores ſubſide?
Or circling *Cynthia* ſwells the foaming Tide?
What Doors pour forth the furious *Northern* Blaſt,
Or bitter Breezes from the chilling *Eaſt?*
Whence ſudden Tempeſts toſs the boiſt'rous Deep,
Or Storms are huſh'd, and on its Surface ſleep?

How

How rending Earthquakes make the Mountains rock,
And ſhrinking Nature feels the dreadful Shock?
Of Gravity the latent Cauſe reveal;
Why mounts the Smoke, or ſinks the ſhow'ry Hail?
How flows the Vein in yonder rocky Rill,
Or flaſh the Sparkles from the ſtubborn Steel?
What Inſtinct moves the parſimonious Ant,
Or dictates to th'unwieldly Elephant?
How Mind and Matter ſtrike ſuch Harmony?
And Will and Motion in one Form agree?
Whence dawn Ideas? Whence Perception's Ray?
Whence gleams the Soul with intellectual Day?
Th' internal Eſſence of one Atom ſhow:
Then boaſt of Science, and how much you know.

Here glimm'ring Reaſon lights our dubious Way,
This Twilight State forbids a brighter Day:
Through Nature's Miſt, lo! Truth appears from far,
To few a fix'd, to more a wand'ring Star:
Their Pole indeed, who ſail by Wiſdom's Shore;
But loſt to thoſe who diſtant Depths explore;
Whoſe Rays illuſive oft our Sight miſguide,
And leſſen here what there they magnify'd.
Our Judgments vary as our Paſſions bend,
Caprice the *Motive*, and Self-love the *End*.
Opinion's tinctur'd with Complexion's Stains,
The motley Iſſue of diſcordant Brains,
When form'd by Fancy in Affection's Dreſs,
Their diff'rent Sires in diff'rent Shapes expreſs.
From hence the fierce Polemic Hydra came,
From hence this Syſtem, and that Sect took Name:

Hence

Hence *Epicurus* made his Atoms dance,
And hence *Deſcartes* thy Phyſical Romance.
From hence Religion felt the wild Extremes,
The Bigot's Fury, and Enthuſiaſt's Dreams.
By dim Conjectures we indulge our Pride;
Such doubtful Knowledge is a dang'rous Guide:
The winking Glimmer will our Hopes deceive,
Like dying Lamps in ſome perplexing Cave:
It lights us in while we with Wonder gaze,
But ſoon extinguiſh'd in the gloomy Maze,
Bewilder'd where the Lamp no more can burn,
We loſe our Labour, and too late return.

Our prying Eyes would pierce all Nature's Store,
Unlock her Secrets, turn her Treaſures o'er:
Yet far within ſhe ſhuns the ſearching Ray;
Her mighty Maſter keeps the myſtic Key;
A nearer View's deny'd to mortal Sight;
Newton's tranſcendent Day muſt bound in Night.

Well did eternal Providence ordain,
In Life's ſhort View to make the Proſpect plain,
Where Man may anſwer Nature's wholeſome Call,
Enjoy himſelf, and ſeek the Good of All:
Where known Effects reſult from ſtated Laws,
And loud proclaim the one Eternal Cauſe;
The Source from whence the vaſt Creation flows;
The Mind from which ten thouſand Syſtems roſe.

For theſe wiſe Ends our Faculties were made;
And God we ſee through all his Works diſplay'd.

Beyond

Beyond this Limit Man may ſpare his Pains,
Nor waſte the Vigour of his lab'ring Brains,
In Queſt of Truths remote from human Sight,
Which 'ſcape our Ken, and mock'd the *Stagyrite*.
The ſmalleſt Worm inſults the Sage's Hand;
All *Greſham*'s vanquiſh'd by a Grain of Sand.
The ſtinted Lot, allow'd to Human Race,
The narrow Bounds of our contracted Space,
Can ſcarce our Minds with uſeful Thoughts ſupply;
Like After-fruits, we juſt appear and die.
Vain Searches here our Levity proclaim;
By Tempeſts toſs'd, who takes a ſteady Aim?
When Waves are daſhing round the driven Bark,
The Pilot's Danger mocks his nice Remark.
Who would improve that knows no Term to come,
Or purchaſe Diamonds to adorn a Tomb?

By poor Endeavours we ſolicit Praiſe,
An empty Idol, which to Pride we raiſe,
A frail Defence to ſhield our Names from Death,
A fulſome Vapour made of vulgar Breath.
'Tis Virtue lengthens out our mortal Span,
Immortal Fame ſhall crown the virtuous Man.
Religion's Eye can ſoften human Fate,
Whilſt Hope, from far, beholds a better State.
If long, or ſhort, it matters not our Stay;
While Reaſon ſmooths, and Peace prepares the Way:
This irkſome Deſart muſt be travell'd through,
Ere *Piſgah*'s Top, or *Canaan*'s Vales we view.

Men glide, like Bubbles, on the Stream of Time,
Burſt as they ſwell, and vaniſh in their Prime;

Or

Or floating down the univerſal Tide,
Encount'ring join, and in the Shock ſubſide.

Since God and Nature ſome wiſe Purpoſe plan
In all this lower Word, but moſt in Man;
A Creature fram'd at ſuch a vaſt Expence,
Enrich'd with Reaſon, and adorn'd with Senſe;
Why would its Maker's Hand ſo cloſe confine
To clogging Clay this Particle Divine;
Which outward Caſualties can ſtill annoy,
And whoſe own Motion muſt itſelf deſtroy;
When full-blown Faculties his Genius crown,
Lo! Death aſſails and lops the Pigmy down:
Why all this Labour on a Thing that muſt,
As ſoon as finiſh'd, fall again to Duſt?
Thus reaſons Man, whoſe Reaſonings oft are vain,
And ſees ſo little of th' eternal Chain,
From whence contingent Deſtinies impend,
A Scale of Cauſes that in God muſt end,
The myſtic Mazes of his own Decree,
In Wonders wrapt which he alone can ſee.
Yet Man, vile Reptile! with Preſumption pries
Where trembling Angels veil their wond'ring Eyes.
Imperious Emmet! know thy native Duſt,
Thyſelf miſtaken, and thy Maker juſt:
Who gives thee Rudiments of Knowledge here,
Then lifts thee upwards to a nobler Sphere;
Above the Stars to take thy high Degree,
And brighten on to all Eternity:
Where Truth, ſtill ſhining in unclouded Day,
Shall all her Radiance on thy Soul diſplay.
Forbear, vain Man! to murmur at thy Fate,
Nor mourn thy Paſſage to a better State.

Tho'

Tho' Nature binds thee to this ſordid Spot,
Break from her Bands, and ſeek a happier Lot:
To God alone let thy Affections tend,
Thy proper Center, and thy final End,
Who out of nothing made the World and thee,
His Wiſdom form'd, and Goodneſs bid it be.
Eternal Wiſdom, whilſt yet all was Night,
Call'd forth from Chaos his firſt Creature, Light,
And ſpread its Splendor o'er the wide Expanſe,
Where Orbs unnumber'd move in myſtic Dance.
Then ſmil'd Omnipotence his Works to ſee;
He ſmil'd in Light, and bid that Lamp ſtill be:
Now blaz'd the Sun in his bright Orb above;
The Morning Stars in joyful Meaſures move;
The liſt'ning Angels in deep Wonder gaze;
Then join'd the Hymn, and their firſt Work was Praiſe.

To the Hon. Mrs. CONOLLY.

HOW pious Worth exalted Rank endears;
What lovely Grandeur Virtue lends to Years!
What Dignity humane, what awful Grace,
Dwell in that Mien, and open in that Face!
A Mind thus bleſs'd ſhall eye the laſt ſlow Sand,
When tardy Time uplifts his lenient Hand:
With dauntleſs Joy the untry'd State explore,
Quit Nature's Limits, and with Seraphs ſoar.
Why elſe would Piety her Palm diſplay?
Why elſe invite us to the Realms of Day?

Sure

Sure Heav'n had made the Chriſtian Taſk too hard,
If Goodneſs here could claim no juſt Reward:
If Faith, far-ſeeing, found no chearing Gleam,
Nor Ev'ning Hope enjoy'd the Morning Beam.
Lo! dawning Glories gild this Vale of Striſe,
And Heav'n's own Lamp illumes the Bounds of Life.
Sedate, from thence thy tranquil Eye now caſt
On future Pleaſures, and enjoy the paſt.
Pleaſures ſublime and pure ſtill genuine glow,
Which only Hearts like thine can ever know;
Where ev'ry Virtue in warm League combin'd,
Are treaſur'd up in Store for Humankind:
Thence flowing daily through thy gen'rous Hand,
Relieve all Care, and glad a grateful Land.
For thee, inceſſant, breathes the Heart-felt Pray'r,
The Wiſh unfeigned, and the Vow ſincere:
For thee the Widow lifts her tearleſs Eyes,
For thee the Orphan's Incenſe mounts the Skies:
The public Voice for thee ſtill fervent prays,
And begs each Bleſſing from thy length of Days;
Long here to flouriſh, long thy Pow'r diſpenſe,
Ere Heav'n ſhall call, and Angels waft thee hence.

Take then the Plaudit to thy Merit due,
The Crown unfading, and the Triumph true.
How vain the tinſel Pomp, which Monarchs claim,
The Blaze of Grandeur, and the Blaſt of Fame,
Thoſe uſeleſs Trappings of external State!
'Tis Wiſdom ſhines, 'tis Virtue makes them great:
Such virtuous Wiſdom as adorns thy Mind
By Hope exalted, and by Faith refin'd.
With grateful Fervours muſt that Boſom ſwell,
Where pious Confidence, and Meekneſs dwell.

The

The Soul firm ſettled, and the Thought ſerene,
The Part well acted, and the cloſing Scene,
Appear triumphant to th' exulting Eye,
Ere Angels draw the Curtain of the Sky.
'Tis thine, the Debt of Nature thus to pay,
And cloſe the Ev'ning of thy ſplendid Day:
Thine, with Applauſe, to quit the mortal Stage;
Thy Part a Pattern for each future Age,
To teach Poſterity the Track Divine,
And point th' immortal Path which once was thine.

To the Reverend Dr. MANN, *occaſioned by the* AUTHOR'*s aſking him for a Subject to write on, and his ſaying he could think of none.*

IS ev'ry moral Subject found ſo trite?
Hath wholſome Satire nothing new to write?
No Vice to laſh, no Folly to expoſe?
Shall happier Pulpits do the Work in Proſe?
Shall they reclaim the erring Sons of Men?
And Preachers Tongues ſupplant the Poet's Pen?
Shall diſtant Fears reform flagitious Times?
Nor preſent Shame give Sanction to my Rhimes?
How much would Breeding and Politeneſs fail,
Should Wits be frighted at a formal Tale!
Clear Truths, in ſuch a Garb, would give Offence;
What! think to ſcare with Bugbears Men of Senſe!
Thank Heaven! they bid theſe Monkiſh Dreams good Night.
The Clouds are gone, and all again looks bright.

Such

Such Sentiments there are, ſuch Humours ſpread
Their noxious Poiſon through the Heart and Head;
What learned Cure can Doctors here adviſe,
Since Fools extol what wiſer Knaves deſpiſe?
An odd Experiment for once be try'd,
Inliſt a Poet on Religion's Side.
Let Verſe with all her youthful Train appear,
And Wit to Virtue ſerve a Volunteer,
At her own Weapons foil the dext'rous Foe,
And ſhoot down Folly with her fav'rite Bow.
Deck'd in bright Arms, ler Reaſon gaily tread,
Firſt win the Fancy, then ſurprize the Head;
Since Truth muſt, like a pelted Pillar, ſtand
The Butt and Aim of each fantaſtic Hand,
That ſacred Pile, whoſe Rock eternal bears
The Rage of hoſtile Storms, and ſapping Years,
In vain the Floods aſſault its ſtedfaſt Baſe;
In vain would Hell its heav'nly Form deface.
Tho' eighteen rolling Ages loud proclaim
Its Strength unſhaken, and its Height the ſame;
Tho' half the Kings who rule this pendent Ball,
Bow down their Scepters, and before it fall:
Againſt it Knaves their impious Force will try,
And mimick Fools their feeble Bolts let fly.

Say then, my Friend! from whence this Humour ſprings,
This bloated Vice, this angry Form of Things,
Whoſe inbred Venom ſtirs ſuch tumid Rage;
The Bane and Brand of this licentious Age?

Shall

Shall not the Muſe the hidden Cauſe diſcloſe,
Probe the proud Part, the putrid Plague expoſe?
Regardleſs ſhe, who feels the pungent Smart;
The Head miſguided, or the high-blown Heart;
If Prieſt or People moſt in Fault ſhe finds,
If Pride oppreſſes, or if Envy blinds,
To both alike impartial, ſhe proceeds,
And forms her Eſtimate of Men by Deeds.

Say firſt, Why rolls the Force of Faſhion's Tide
So ſmoothly ſwift againſt Religion's Side,
Whilſt down its Stream the Men of Power throng,
The Men of Pleaſure, and the Men of Song?
Drawn by the artful * Peer's ſeducing Lore,
Join the gay Crowd, and ſeek th' enchanting Shore:
There the abandon'd, headlong, and prophane,
With Pride preſs forwards, and of Prieſts complain.

Bright as the Beams that from the Ocean riſe,
When radiant Rays adorn the Eaſtern Skies;
Fair as the Eſſence of Etherial Light,
Dawning o'er Chaos, and coeval Night;
Pure as the Gale that from *Arabia* blows,
Than Lillies whiter, or than falling Snows,
Religion ſhone, when firſt the Heaven-born Maid
With Virgin Truth and Purity array'd,
Sublimely meek diſclos'd her Angel Face,
Beaming celeſtial Smiles and ſhedding Grace.
Her ſuff'ring Sons the ſcourging Rod ſuſtain;
Their Province, Patience, and their Portion, Pain.

* *Lord* Shaftſbury.

No Pomp they ſeek, no pageant Pow'r they need,
Ambitious only for her Sake to bleed.
In Meekneſs rob'd, thus humble was her State;
" She knew no Wiſh ſo mean, as to be great."
On Heav'n alone ſhe fix'd her ſtedfaſt Eye,
Her Maſter's Kingdom was beyond the Sky.
She ſought not Wealth, unanxious of her Store;
For his Example taught her to be poor.
Thus in her blooming Years oppreſs'd, ſhe grew,
By Patience arm'd, the Mighty to ſubdue.
How mild her Mien, how winning then her Ways,
How diff'rent from her Looks in later Days!

The Muſe would ſpare what ſullen Truth may blame,
Nor dwells delighted on ſo harſh a Theme.
Truth, like the genial Sun, will ſtill abide,
Tho' Vapours veil it, and tho' Clouds may hide.
Could prying Malice, or could Envy ſee
Religion leaning, in the leaſt Degree,
To fetter Freedom, or bright Reaſon blind,
Or throw a tangling Snare on Humankind:
Could one Ingredient in that pure Compound
To Parts pernicious, or the Whole, be found;
The Fool of Wit, with ſome Pretence, might ſneer,
The Coxcomb rally, and the Pedant ſneer.

Smart *Virro* frankly owns it makes him grieve,
To ſee the floating Robe and ſwelling Sleeve:
The Chin high bolſter'd, and the florid Face,
Are mighty Marks of Wiſdom, and of Grace:
Pert in the wrong, and ſeldom right in Seaſon;
Too much in Haſte to hear or offer Reaſon,

At Creeds he mocks; how loud the Laughing Fit!
How willing to be damn'd, to ſhew his Wit!
Sporus, forſooth! allows ſome pious Cheats,
But then, ſuch clumſey Bugbears, groſs Deceits,
Such Monkiſh Phantoms, make the Juggle clear,
To Men of Senſe the Thing will ſtill appear;
Such Arts, indeed, may Vulgar Minds reſtrain,
And graver Fools, who like, may hug the Chain.
To talk of Faſting, Purity, and Grace,
With all that Sanctity, and Form of Face,
Which pamper'd Prieſts o'er Velvet Cuſhions wear,
Would make a Hermit ſmile, a Stoic ſtare.
When they aloft hold forth the Cake and Rod,
And point to Paths, which *Paul* and *Peter* trod,
To narrow Paths they point, and thorny Ways,
And thoſe who like, may tread them, if they pleaſe.
Far other Objects their Affections fix,
In Stalls to ſnore, or in a Coach and ſix.

Meer Cenſure is at beſt a poor Pretence,
And Malice ill ſupplies the Place of Senſe:
Reproach ſo keen, when vulgar found, and trite,
Shows leſs of Candour, than of partial Spight.
Since Pride in all, and Paſſions ſtill abound,
Since few are Proof, and none are perfect found;
To Nature's Slips be kind Allowance made,
And o'er her Failings caſt a friendly Shade.
Tho' Prieſts, indeed, ſhould good Examples give,
Yet Prieſts have Appetites, and Prieſts muſt live.
" But why ſuch Wealth and Grandeur? Why ſo great?
" Like Lords attended, and like Kings they eat."
This more betrays the Rancour of your Will,
You'd have the Clergy barefoot Beggars ſtill,

Still homeleſs wander, through the World oppreſt,
Without Protection, or a Place of Reſt.
The Wealth they have was by the State beſtow'd,
Or rather paid them as a Debt it ow'd.
For Shame! no more ſuch bitter Railings bring,
You Quarrel with the Men, and not the Thing.
O'er Vices watchful, and to Virtues blind,
By Nature prone to prejudice, inclin'd
With ſharpen'd Sight each human Spot to ſpy,
On ſhinning Worth to ſhut th' indignant Eye,
Shall groping Pride in Error's Twilight ſtray,
While Truth directs, and Wiſdom points her Way,
Self-wilder'd, ſtill the glorious Lamp evade,
And ſeek with purblind Orbs the ſullen Shade?

If Goodneſs charms, if Learning's Palm you prize,
To *Boulter* bow, to *Berkeley* lift your Eyes.
If public Virtue for Eſteem may call,
Behold his Country's Pride in mitred *Maul* †,
Diffuſing Truth on pious Plans, to raiſe
Her preſent Hope, her Joy in future Days;
Sacred to her his upright Life he ſpends,
Her winning Charms diſplays, her Cauſe defends.

Thee, rev'rend Patriot! thee the Muſe ſhould ſing.
And riſe, exulting, on thy *Clio*'s Wing:
In Verſe, like thine, recording Numbers raiſe,
And Deeds, unequal'd, ſing with laſting Praiſe.
See Science ſhine, ſee public Virture bloom,
See Arts advance to rival *Greece* and *Rome!*

† *Lord Biſhop of* Meath.

No more the ſteril Glebe ſhall ſtint the Swain,
See barren Mountains crown'd with golden Grain;
The ſtaple Web employs th' induſtrious Hand,
For *Madden* bids, and Wealth o'erflows the Land.
Who dare ſuch Worth with venom'd Tongue invade?
Yet theſe are Prieſts, and this their daily Trade.

Nor Prelates only ſhall the Muſe inſpire,
Lo! Ranks ſubordinate her Strains require.
A ſhining Throng, whom raging Vice muſt ſpare,
Mild Virtue honour, and calm Senſe revere;
Exalted Minds, that would Perfection reach,
Still living Leſſons of the Truths they teach,
Whoſe Practice proves the Precept pure diſplay'd,
Whoſe Words illuſtrate, and whoſe Lives perſwade,
Whoſe blameleſs Breaſts th' invidious World might ſcan
From Vice as diſtant, as thy Mind, O *Mann!*
Where Meekneſs, thron'd, her pious Scepter ſways,
And Virtue's Pow'r commands theſe feeble Lays,
Long, long eſteem'd with thy lov'd *Lelius* ſhine,
And give me leave, for once, to call him mine.
O! could my Verſe to diſtant Years declare
The grateful Heart, the Sentiment ſincere,
Which ill in Words, and worſe in Deeds, I tell,
Felt only in that Boſom where they ſwell;
Then ſhould this Strain on Time's laſt Period tend,
Worthy ſo bright a Guide, ſo good a Friend.

To a Perſon of fine Parts, but whimſical Humours, of a cruel Nature, and bad Morals.

WHY would wild Nature with her Bounty play,
And throw ſuch Treaſures of her Charms away,
With waſteful Hand? why laviſh half her Store,
Enriching one, while ſhe left Thouſands poor?
Or ſquander Bleſſings on a ſtubborn Land,
That ill requites the chearful Giver's Hand?
The ſurly Glebe a mingled Product ſhows;
The hateful Hemlock, and the fragrant Roſe
Shoot up, promiſcuous, in our wond'ring Sight,
And give, at once, both Horror and Delight:
Bright Sparks of Diamond glitter through coarſe Mold,
And vulgar Droſs deforms the ductile Gold.
Lo! Nature there, and Providence proclaim
The ſtrongeſt Contraſt in the laſt Extream:
Where good and bad lie mingled and confus'd;
A ſhocking Diſcord in a Breaſt abus'd.
When calm the Clime, O how ſerene the while!
Yet Storms lie brooding in a Winter's Smile.
The fell *Hyena* can the Shepherd call
With human Voice, deſign'd his Prey to fall.
That Heav'n ſhould thus a reas'ning Being arm
With ſeeming Virtue, and with ev'ry Charm,
Which Wit and Genius in their Prime beſtow,
To gild Deceit, and give a treach'rous Blow!
Such fickle Blandiſhments too oft betray
The faint Reflection of a dying Ray;
A feeble Flaſh, which earthly Vapours form;
The Smile of Wrath; as Lightning gilds a Storm.

No

No lasting Lustre's in its fading Mien,
An *ignis fatuus*, when 'tis brightest seen.

Could thy good Genius in the Strife prevail,
When Destiny held up the doubtful Scale;
A finish'd Mortal had in thee appear'd,
By all admired, and by all rever'd.
But then, alas! some unpropitious Pow'r
Infus'd Malignance on thy natal Hour:
For when thy Soul did *Jove*'s own Hand employ,
It dash'd thy Essence with some curst Alloy,
Which took th' Impression of each baleful Ill
In crooked Traces, and retains them still.
Thy injur'd Virtues in some weak Essays,
Like tender Blades, their blooming Heads would raise:
But soon the stronger Cockle choaks the Grain,
And stiff'd Goodness lifts itself in vain.
A Fancy flowing, an Expression fit,
Invention bless'd in ev'ry Charm of Wit;
With Humour envy'd for its Turn of Ease,
And Talents happy in the Art to please:
All these you have by Fate's uncommon Grant;
Yet solid Excellence, alas! you want.
Fair Justice, Chastity, from you are thrust,
Drove out by Cruelty, Revenge, and Lust:
While proud Oppression, base Distrust, and Fear,
The Coward's Bugbear, and the Tyrant's Snare,
Contend, alternate, in your stormy Breast,
And rob your Tempest-beaten Soul of Rest:
Huge Midnight Horrors by dark Vapours wrought
Hang o'er your Slumbers, and torment your Thought:
Confus'd Ideas in your Fancy roll,
The jumbling Chaos of a Brain-sick Soul.

'Tis this wild Medium ſhews you wrong, and right,
A Friend at Noon becomes your Foe at Night.
Thoſe little Slips where Nature's Self muſt halt,
A Mole-hill Trip you make a Mountain Fault:
Deluded by a dark diſtemper'd Mind,
You form an Eſtimate of all Mankind:
Each frightful Phantom, which you there deſcry,
You dread in all Men, and to all apply:
The monſtrous Shadows in your Mind ſtill roam;
You judge abroad from what you find at home:
Your Friendſhip flaſhes like an *April* Sun,
A Moment's Glimmer, in a Moment gone.
Strange Groupes of Whimſies your wild Fancy frames,
Like Bedlam Pictures, or a Sick Man's Dreams.
A Weather-Cock, obedient to each Gale;
One ſingle Blaſt can turn your Head and Tail.
You're fix'd, indeed, in Malice and Diſguſt;
So ſtands your lofty Emblem, held by Ruſt.
Of Friends another Moon may leave you none,
When, like a Tyger, you may range alone.
What ſocial Breaſt with ſuch Extreams can join!
A ſavage Nature in a Soul Divine:
Such diſtant Qualities, ſo ſtrange, and odd,
In Frowns a Monſter, and in Smiles a God.
Why ſhould ſuch Bleſſings mingle with a Curſe?
Why not all excellent; or why not worſe?

To a young LADY *on her Grotto.*

THY Genius here in early Bloom appears
A hopeful Promiſe of thy riper Years.
If now thy Dawn of Thought ſuch Light diſplays,
How ſtrong the Luſtre of thy Noon-tide Blaze?
The Morning Star thus, with a milder Ray,
Doth gently glimmer at the Gates of Day.
Unnumber'd Beauties in thy Grotto ſhine,
And Judgment triumphs in the fair Deſign;
The charming Incidents ſo aptly fall,
They look like Art, yet Nature ſhines through all.
Here moſſy Mounds impending ſeem to ſwell,
That from their Veins effuſe the guſhing Rill;
The Rill o'er ſpangling Pebbles ſeems to glide,
With Shells of Amber glitt'ring at its Side,
That mid the Gloom reflect a Silver Ray,
As Planets twinkle in the Duſk of Day.
Angels' Ideas in thy Mind aroſe,
And whiſp'ring Graces taught thee to diſpoſe:
Nature's bright Mirrour in thy Boſom ſhone,
And ſhe, with Bluſhes, ſaw herſelf outdone:
To you, profuſe, ſhe laviſh'd all her Store
Of Matter freely, but of Fancy more.
Not all the Gems, which *Indian* Mines prepare,
Can with that Ruby in thy Soul compare:
Its bright'ning Blaze like *Aaron*'s Breaſt ſhall ſhine,
Alike refulgent, and alike divine.
Delightful Earneſt of my future Lays,
Which wake my Wonder and excel my Praiſe.
O could my Verſe with equal Fervour flow!
My Bays immortal, mix'd with thine, ſhould grow.

Beneath th' Indulgence of a Mother's Eyes,
Thy fruitful Genius early learn'd to riſe:
The happy Influence on ſo rich a Soil
An Harveſt yields, that crowns her tender Toil.
So where the Eaſtern Sun its Beams beſtows,
The Brilliant brightens, and the Lilly glows.

A PROLOGUE for the Benefit of Old HUSBAND'S *the Player.*

WHAT various Forms muſt moral Wiſdom wear,
To baniſh Vice, and Virtue's Charms endear!
When Precept fails, Example's Pow'r ſhe tries,
And decks forth Truth in Fiction's gay Diſguiſe;
Through Fancy's Maze ſhe leads, with honeſt Art,
The Head miſguided, and th' unſocial Heart.
For this the Stage hath long illuſtrious been,
When Genius rais'd, and Judgment prun'd the Scene;
When letter'd Decency and Senſe unite,
Wiſdom adorns, and Virtue crowns Delight.
Such well-plann'd Theatres ſhould ever bloom,
Eſteem'd and honour'd, as at *Greece* and *Rome*.

This Night, ye Fair! your generous Bounty cheers
Merit decay'd, and Worth oppreſs'd by Years.
Such Merit, and ſuch conſcious Worth may claim
The Soul-felt Plaudit of unſpotted Fame.
Amidſt Corruption's Streams unſtain'd he ſtood,
Nor ſwam down Cuſtom's foul defiling Flood.
Such *Huſbands* was: for more than half an Age
The moral Guide, now Father of the Stage:

Diſmiſs'd

Diſmiſs'd by Time from ev'ry Scene of Strife,
He views that Curtain fall, which cloſes Life:
Fearleſs he views it with exulting Face,
Whilſt your bright Preſence ſhall his Exit grace.

On the KING'S *Birth-day.*

Writ in the Year, 1744.

AUſpicious Morn, thy joyful Beams diſplay,
And glad the Nations with this glorious Day;
This Day, which, deep in Time's myſterious Womb,
By Fate was promis'd to an Age to come.
When Heav'n's Supream the Embryon Years ſurvey'd,
And future Kingdoms in the Balance weigh'd,
The Globe ſuſtaining in his pow'rful Hand,
Which rolls obedient to his great Command,
Britain divided from the World he ſaw,
The Nurſe of Liberty, and Land of Law:
Britain his own Almighty *fiat* plac'd
In Ocean's Arms by circling Waves embrac'd,
Her Native Fence; from Foreign Foes ſecur'd,
By ſwelling Seas and riſing Rocks immur'd,
Her liquid Wall, whoſe floating Tow'rs ſhall ride,
All *Europe*'s Terror,—*Albion*'s Strength and Pride.
Diſtinguiſh'd Iſle! where Truth and Freedom dwell,
Whoſe Godlike Sons in Arts and Arms excell!
On thee th' indulgent Pow'r propitious ſmiles,
And makes this Promiſe to the Queen of Iſles:
When Ages hence, and Years predeſtin'd roll,
When radiant Science gilds the frozen Pole;

A mighty Prince ſhall o'er thee mildly ſway,
Whom foreign Realms are deſtin'd to obey ;
A promis'd Prince by my ſecure Decree,
On Earth my Image, and belov'd by me :
His potent Scepter ſhall ſerenely wield,
Prudent in Peace, and dreadful in the Field ;
Religion's Friend, for Virtue's Shield deſign'd,
To none a Foe, but Foes of Humankind ;
The Tyrant's Terror, aiding the Diſtreſs'd,
Europe's Support, by reſcu'd Nations bleſs'd ;
At Home the Bulwark of his People's Laws,
Abroad protecting ev'ry injur'd Cauſe.
Envy and Fraud ſhall in his Time decay,
And *George* and *Juſtice* willing Nations ſway.

Behold the promis'd Prince we joyful own,
By Fate ordain'd to fill *Britannia*'s Throne.
His Regal Hand her Scepter's Weight ſuſtains,
The Monarch's come—imperial *Brunſwick* reigns.

Ye Angels bright ! on heav'nly Errands ſent
To guard his Throne, and ſhield his awful Tent,
Around his ſacred Perſon ſpread your Wings,
Preſerve his Kingdoms in the beſt of Kings ;
Drive hence Rebellion to Hell's Shades away,
Make hateful Factions at his Frown decay,
Let laſting Concord through *Britannia* ſmile,
And the World's Wealth o'erflow the happy Iſle !
Grant it, ye Pow'rs ! who human Ways direct,
Who govern Kingdoms, and who Kings protect :
But chiefly thou ! whom *Britain*'s Monarch claims,
To ſmooth his Slumbers, and inſpire his Dreams !

Around

Around his Couch on downy Wings preſide,
By Day his Guardian, and by Night his Guide;
As late at *Dettingen*, ſo ſtill thy Care,
In Peace his Miniſter, his Shield in War!

To the Reverend Dr. MANN, *occaſioned by the Death of the Revd. Mr.* HOLT, *Junior Fellow of* T. C. D.

ENough of Tears! thy gen'rous Grief ſuſpend,
Ceaſe to deplore thy dear departed Friend:
Let melting Nature Reaſon's Voice obey,
Nor bathe with fruitleſs Show'rs his ſacred Clay.
In vain, alas! thy guſhing Eyes o'erflow;
Vain are thoſe Sighs, that unaffected Woe
For him, devoted by untimely Doom
To ſleep long Ages in the ſilent Tomb.
From him the weeping World may learn to know,
No Worth prevents, no Wiſdom wards the Blow,
The certain Blow from Death's uplifted Dart,
Whoſe Point, relentleſs, ſtrikes the pureſt Heart:
No Science ſhields, no Piety can ſave
The deſtin'd Victim from th' inſatiate Grave.
There Youth, Age, Folly, Wiſdom, Weakneſs, Pow'r,
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd in one fatal Hour.
Whence ſprings this Chance beyond all mortal Ken,
This ſeeming Chance which rules the Fates of Men,
Thou beſt canſt tell: Why lengthen'd out to Woe
The Wretched loiter, and the Happy go.
But ſhall proud Man, inquiſitive, arraign
The Ways of Providence with Thoughts profane!

Shall

Shall he ſeek Truths to human Search deny'd,
And, impious, draw the myſtic Veil aſide!

The dim-ey'd Knowledge to his Soul conſign'd
Puzzles his Judgment, and involves his Mind.
In Doubts perplex'd, unconſcious of her Way;
A diſmal Twilight, and uncertain Day
Appears weak Nature's Gleam, by Senſe diſcry'd;
Which ſhines illuſive in the Lamp of Pride.
Religion's Beam can make this Gloom all bright,
Clear up Conjectures, and diſpel the Night.
From her pure Fountain Truths eternal flow;
From her the Hope of Bliſs, the Balm of Woe;
Grief at her Shrine lays her ſad Burthen down,
And views with upcaſt Eyes the promis'd Crown.
This Solace waits his Sire, this Lamp his Guide,
Robb'd of his Age's Prop, his Country's Pride:
This firm Support, this faithful Staff ſhall ſtay
His Soul's ſad Weight down Life's ſteep rugged Way:
The Chriſtian Cordial giv'n him to ſuſtain
The Thought-felt Anguiſh, and the Pangs of Pain.
O, let him, leaning on thy Friendſhip, bear
This Load oppreſſive, and this Lot ſevere!
Friendſhip like thine ſprings from a faithful Heart:
You ſhare his Sorrows, and you feel his Smart.

On ſeeing Mr. BARRY *in the Character of* Hamlet.

HOW Grief's ſad Garb the Wearer's Worth endears,
When whelming Woe with decent Pomp appears;

When

When Strength of Mind, ſuperior to Redreſs,
Stems the big Torrent of ſupream Diſtreſs,
Enjoys the Soul-felt Throb, th' extatick Dart,
And all the pungent Pangs which pierce the Heart!
Brooding in ſecret on his Hopes o'erthrown,
There to himſelf makes all his manly Moan:
Scorning to whine out Grief in technic Strains,
He ſobs with Dignity, with Senſe complains.
Thus *Hamlet* mourns, and thus his Sorrow ſhines
In *Barry*'s Action, and in *Shakeſpear*'s Lines:
His pleaſing Form gives ev'n to Anguiſh Grace,
And Grief ſits lovely on his ſuff'ring Face.

But ſee! his Father's warlike Shade ſtalks near:
What quick-rais'd Paſſions in his Soul appear!
In Horror fix'd, as Thunder-ſtruck, he ſtands
With ſtarting Eye-balls, and with out-ſtretch'd Hands.
Ten thouſand Tumults ſtruggling in his Breaſt,
Each ſtrong Attempt by ſtronger Fear ſuppreſt;
His Reaſon ſunk, no guiding Gleams can chear;
All is wild Anarchy and Chaos there:
His lab'ring Words can yet no Paſſage find,
Loſt in the Floods and Whirlpools of his Mind,
Till by Degrees her dawning Beam ſhe ſhows,
As firſt bright Order from Confuſion roſe:
Returning Senſe reſumes her wonted Sway,
And Courage prompts, and Judgment points the Way.
The horrid Silence, now reſolv'd, he breaks
With eager Voice, and ſupplicating ſpeaks.
Revenge provok'd hath all his Mind poſſeſs'd,
And fell Reſentment boils within his Breaſt,
His kindling Eyes with livid Lightnings roll,
And dart the Purpoſe of his ſtedfaſt Soul.

In

In Madneſs, ev'n in that unpractis'd Taſk,
The Part looks graceful, and adorns the Maſk.
No ſullen, dark, diſtemper'd Rage appears,
'Tis Fancy's Frolick, and her Caprice chears.
Through ev'ry varying Scene great Nature warms,
And finiſh'd Art improves her pleaſing Charms.

On the Death of a favourite Nightingale.

THOU ſweeteſt Warbler of the gladſome Spring,
Whoſe trilling Muſick charm'd th' attentive Ear,
No more thy tuneful Throat ſhall joyful ſing
An early Welcome to the Infant Year.

No more, alas! ſhall thy inſpiring Flow
Beguile the Moments of the Midnight Hour,
What Time the Branches bend beneath the Snow,
And Birds for Safety ſeek the ſhadeleſs Bow'r.

Can I forget the Muſick of thy Tongue,
Which ſpread around ſuch high harmonious Airs,
When circling Meaſures in the Portal rung,
And lofty Echo fill'd the ſounding Stairs.

When dappl'd *Cloe* from the Hearthſtone gaz'd;
The vanquiſh'd Linnet ſadly ſilent ſtands;
And little *George* himſelf look'd up amaz'd,
The Soop diſh ſhaking in his heedleſs Hands.

When

When *Dublin Molly* buſy in the Bar,
With Wonder liſten'd to his charming Lay,
Then bleſs'd her happy Fate who came ſo far
To hear him ſweetly ſing, from *Aſton*'s Quay.

Nor could the Poet's Tongue his Praiſe forbear,
Who often came to hear his Strains divine;
And in his Cups would candidly declare,
His Notes were ſweeter than the tuneful Nine.

Thus jovial danc'd the ſmiling Hours away,
When *Philomela* gave ſuch true Delight;
Good Humour chear'd the ſhort thick-clouded Day,
And Punch and Pleaſure crown'd the live-long Night.

But Fate, alas! forbade our growing Joys;
What human Happineſs can always laſt?
Relentleſs Fate, which ev'ry Life deſtroys,
At *Philly*'s Breaſt his lifted Jav'lin caſt.

Could no Delight his mortal Wrath aſſwage,
Nor Muſick's Pow'r his pointed Dart withſtand?
In vain, alas! *Clarinda* clean'd the Cage;
In vain ſhe fed him with her milk-white Hand.

How Gladneſs danc'd within his little Eyes,
Still as he ſaw her decent Cap and Gown,
As up the Steps ſhe gently us'd to riſe,
And in his high-hung Houſe ſhe took him down.

How tenderly ſhe ſtroak'd his Neck and Bill,
How ſoftly touch'd his taper Legs and Claws,
With lenient Finger ſooth'd each ſmarting Ill,
And gently heal'd his little Hurts and Flaws.

But thou, fell Wretch, that in the open Street
With ſavage Hand our frighted Songſter ſtruck,
Mayſt thou with ſcreaming Screech-Owls nightly meet,
With boding Batts, with Bailiffs, and bad Luck.

May braying Aſſes, Bitterns from the Mire,
And croaking Ravens, haunt thee all thy Life:
May baleful Cats and cack'ling Hens conſpire,
And what's more dreadful ſtill, a ſcolding Wife.

On a fine Crop of Peas being ſpoil'd by a Storm.

WHEN *Morrice* views his proſtrate Peas,
By raging Whirlwinds ſpread,
He wrings his Hands, and in amaze
He ſadly ſhakes his Head.

Is this the Fruit of my fond Toil,
My Joy, my Pride, my Chear!
Shall one tempeſtuous Hour thus ſpoil
The Labours of a Year!

Oh!

Oh! what avails, that Day by Day
I nurs'd the thriving Crop,
And ſettl'd with my Foot the Clay,
And rear'd the ſocial Prop!

Ambition's Pride had ſpur'd me on
All Gard'ners to excell;
I often call'd them one by one,
And boaſtingly would tell,

How I prepar'd the furrow'd Ground,
And how the Grain did ſow,
Then challeng'd all the Country round
For ſuch an early Blow.

How did their Bloom my Wiſhes raiſe!
What Hopes did they afford,
To earn my honour'd Maſter's Praiſe,
And crown his chearful Board!

Poor *Morrice*, wrapt in ſad Surprize,
Demands in ſober Mood,
Should Storms moleſt a Man ſo wiſe,
A Man ſo juſt and good?

Ah! *Morrice*, ceaſe thy fruitleſs Moan,
Nor at Misfortunes ſpurn,
Misfortune's not thy Lot alone;
Each Neighbour hath his Turn.

Thy proſtrate Peas, which low recline
  Beneath the Frowns of Fate,
May teach much wiſer Heads than thine
  Their own uncertain State.

The ſprightly Youth in Beauty's Prime,
  The lovely Nymph ſo gay,
Oft Victims fall to early Time,
  And in their Bloom decay.

In vain th' indulgent Father's Care,
  In vain wiſe Precepts form:
They droop, like Peas, in tainted Air,
  Or periſh in a Storm.

LESBIA *and her Sparrow: Or* Cupid *turn'd Fowler.*

AS little *Cupid* blith and gay
  Among the Roſes flew,
Bruſhing the Vi'lets in his Way,
  Impearl'd with Morning Dew.

His painted Wings he wanton ſpread,
  To ſkim the daiſi'd Lawn;
Then perching on a Lilly's Head
  Stood ſmiling in the Dawn.

Young *Leſbia* now amid the Gales
The Breath of Morn beſtows,
Fann'd by the Fragrance which it ſteals
From Cowſlips and the Roſe.

To yonder Grotto arch'd with Green
The lovely Nymph drew nigh;
The warbling Thruſh inchants the Scene,
With Bees which humming fly.

Now plac'd within the bliſsful Shade,
Her Sparrow flutt'ring round,
Cupid deſcries th' unguarded Maid,
And meditates the Wound.

His glitt'ring Bow he haſty bent,
Then from his Quiver drew
The pointed Shaft he twanging ſent,
The Shaft which erring flew.

To pierce her Breaſt he ſpeeds the Dart,
Yet Love himſelf ſhoots wide:
His Arrow enter'd *Dickey*'s Heart;
He on her Boſom dy'd.

Who would not envy his ſweet Death,
And *Dickey*'s Doom deſire,
Within her Arms to yield his Breath,
And on her Breaſt expire!

To a young LADY *on her performing upon the Harpſichord.*

THE Muſe who ſung thy dawning Praiſe,
Now welcomes thy Meridian Rays;
The Beauties of thy early Prime
Firſt fledg'd her Wings for Flights ſublime;
She ſaw thee ſhine like op'ning Day,
Along the Tracts of Heav'n's Highway:
The Muſe, prophetic, ſaw thee there,
Still bright'ning in thy lucid Sphere,
Now far unequal in her Flight,
And loſt in Beams of daz'ling Light,
On raptur'd Wing ſhe hails thy Noon,
As ſoaring Eagles ſeek the Sun:
But, O! what Numbers can ſhe find,
To ſing the Beauties of thy Mind,
Where ev'ry Virtue Heav'n beſtows,
And ev'ry Grace from Heav'n that flows!
A hallow'd Treaſure all combine
Within that ſpotleſs Ark divine,
Which beaming forth ſo oft declare,
That God vouchſafes to viſit there.
To deck thee with diſtinguiſh'd Love
He took from ev'ry Saint above
Ideas of the pureſt Kind,
And mixing all, compos'd thy Mind;
Then lodg'd it in the faireſt Mold,
That ſhould a Soul ſo rich infold,
A Mold with faireſt Forms to vie
In finiſh'd Shape and Symmetry;

Harmonious

Harmonious to the raviſh'd Sight,
Inſpiring Joy and ſoft Delight,
Inchanting all to inſtant Love,
Who hear thy Voice, or ſee thee move:
But when the tuneful Keys you preſs,
And Muſick's inmoſt Pow'rs expreſs,
What melting Strains extatic riſe;
How ev'ry raptur'd Hearer dies.
See Love his purple Wings expand,
And flutter o'er the ſnowy Hand;
From ev'ry Finger flies a Dart,
In ev'ry Note he wounds a Heart;
Whilſt conſcious Bluſhes ſtill confeſs'
Your kind Concern for our Diſtreſs;
And yet by height'ning ev'ry Grace,
The Pain they would relieve, increaſe:
For as in Paintings Shadows lie
To raiſe the Picture to the Eye;
Thy Bluſhes thus but more reveal
The modeſt Worth they would conceal.

To CLOE.

KIND Nature has *Cloe* expreſs'd,
To ſtrike us with Joy and Surprize;
Each Grace in her Form is confeſs'd,
And *Cupids* exult in her Eyes.

Her Form ſo erect, fair, and tall,
Such winning Attraction diſplays;
Her Mind, the beſt Beauty of all,
My Wiſh and Affections ſtill raiſe.

The

The Nightingale chimes to her Voice,
  The Syrens would yield to her Song;
In Echoes the Vallies rejoice,
  Her Muſick inchants the gay Throng.

Lo! Summer hath ſpangl'd the Vales,
  And Roſes their Purple diſcloſe,
The Vi'lets enrich the ſoft Gales,
  And Harmony heightens all thoſe.

Since Beauty and Rapture agree,
  To raviſh both Hearing and Sight,
O come, my dear *Cloe*, with me,
  And crown the gay Scene with Delight.

Come with me, my Nymph, to yon Grove,
  Where the Thruſh and the Linnet reſort,
Whoſe Bowers invite us to Love
  Where *Cupids* ſtill revel and ſport.

In Bliſs we'll enjoy the long Day,
  To mutual Endearments reſign'd,
My Head on thy Boſom I'll lay,
  And pity the reſt of Mankind.

To Lord TYRAWLY, *on his ſending me to Lord* CHESTERFIELD, *when I durſt not knock at the Door.*

REjoic'd, I went, of ſpeeding ſure,
My Lord! at your Command:
I boldly ſtood at STANHOPE's Door,
And ſtoutly ſtretch'd my Hand.

The ſounding Braſs I raſhly rais'd,
Reſolv'd my Hopes to crown;
Some Pow'r unſeen my Senſes ſeiz'd;
I laid it ſilent down.

The Knocker thus I thrice upheld,
And thrice I made Eſſay:
For your Command my Arm impell'd,
And I would fain obey.

But Fate forbad th' intruding Sound,
Which would his Ears aſſail:
By Greatneſs aw'd and Worth renown'd,
Hibernian Front muſt fail.

To a young Lady, lately married, who had fine Eyes, but a frail Character.

THE Sun from whom your Eyes you ſtole,
Their Glances ſure deſign'd
To warm our Sex from Pole to Pole,
And ſhine on all Mankind.

Now one enjoys what all desire;
The World indeed may mourn;
Yet he like *Phaeton* may aspire,
And in Possession burn.

On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S *Recovery from a dangerous Fever.*

WHEN boiling Blood, dire Foe to rest,
Tumultuous roll'd in STANHOPE'S Breast,
Thence mounting furious, foam'd on high,
Where Reason, heav'nly Pow'r, triumphant shone,
To dim her bright discerning Eye,
And wrap in stormy Clouds her radiant Throne.

Hibernia then, by filial Fears oppress'd,
Sought with slow pensive Steps the lonely Shore,
Fix'd on a Rock, her anxious Head she hung,
With Hands up-rais'd, she smote her aking Breast:
Britannia's Coast her mournful Eyes explore;
Her silent Harp neglected lay unstrung.

Impatient, she accus'd each tardy Gale,
Which on long-ling'ring lazy Pinions flew,
Each distant Cloud appear'd a rising Sail,
Fraught with glad Tidings to her View;

Of

Of STANHOPE's Boſom freed from Pain,
A grateful People's Triumph to reſtore:
Then damp'd by Doubts, ſhe ſighs, and droops again,
Th' imagin'd Joy, alas! appears no more.

Each public Virtue, and each private Grace,
Which warm'd the Patriot's Godlike Mind,
His princely Wiſdom, and his Love of Peace,
His gen'rous Care of Humankind,

Awful ariſe within her grateful Soul;
Alternate Paſſions in her Boſom roll,
Now chearing Hopes prevail, now ſad'ning Fears,
Now riſe gay Smiles, now fall deſponding Tears.

When lo! a darting Glory, blazing wide,
Diffus'd Effulgence of celeſtial Day;
The Eaſtern Sky with crimſon Clouds was dy'd,
And quiv'ring Gleams gild all the wat'ry Way.

When on a Throne, which orient Beams up-bore,
Aloft *Britannia*'s awful Genius ſmil'd;
Three kingly Crowns of brilliant Gems he wore,
And regal State compos'd his Aſpect mild.

Deſcending ſlowly on his Wings outſpread,
Now poiz'd majeſtic in th' etherial Space,
The Pow'r propitious bows his ſacred Head,
His Words were utter'd with ſeraphic Grace.

Baniſh thy Grief, *Ierne!* weep no more!
Bathonia now her healing Stream employs;
Her balmy Spring ſhall thy lov'd Chief reſtore,
Renew his Vigour, and revive thy Joys.

From her warm Boſom's richeſt Veins
Maternal Nutriment ſhall flow;
And guſhing Health, expelling Pains,
Shall daily give his Strength to grow.

And lo! like Morn new ris'n, he ſprings,
Propitious Health, on Dove-like Wings,
Flies hov'ring o'er his dawning Face;
And with her brings Delight and Peace;
Rekindling Joy each brilliant Orb ſupplies,
And lights anew the Splendor of his Eyes.

Too long their Beams, in Clouds conceal'd,
Lay hid from public Sight;
A People's Pray'r at length prevail'd,
Ierne's Vows diſpell'd the Night.

Eclips'd untimely, thus the mounting Sun
Encroaching Darkneſs ſhades,
Ere half his glorious Race is run,
Through Noon-tide Night the la'b'ring Planet wades.

Aſtoniſh'd Nations lift their Eyes,
Depriv'd of his all-chearing Ray,
Ten thouſand Pray'rs aſſail the Skies,
Till Heav'n appeas'd reſtores the joyful Day.

All

All hail celeſtial Light!
Thy Smile each gloomy Cloud diſpels:
Nature, reviv'd by thee, looks bright;
Thy Blaze each raptur'd Boſom ſwells.

To thee, the grateful Muſe ſhall ſing,
Whilſt joyful Millions bleſs thy Beam;
Hibernia's ecchoing Vallies ring
With STANHOPE's, STANHOPE's loud applauded Name.

On taking a Lady's Picture in Church, whilſt ſhe ſung the Pſalm.

LET fair *Fanilia* kindly ceaſe
To blame fond *Strephon*'s Art,
He ſtole a Likeneſs of her Face,
Fanilia ſtole his Heart.

Thoſe Features whence his Sketch he took
Shall ſoon, too ſoon! decay;
When Time ſhall riſle that ſoft Look,
And wear thoſe Smiles away.

The bluſhing Tinct may longer glow,
But Nature's Strokes muſt wear;
The mimic Face can then but ſhow
That *Fanny* once was fair.

Her Trophy, then, muſt nobler be,
  Whilſt Life, nay Thought remains;
His captive Soul ſhall ne'er get free,
  Nor Death ſhall break his Chains.

In bliſsful Worlds where Angels ſing,
  Inflam'd with Love Divine,
When joyful Seraphs clap the Wing,
  He'll mix his Voice with thine.

Forgive him, then, relentleſs Maid!
  If more your Pride denies;
And let him claſp the painted Shade,
  Who for the Subſtance dies.

To CLEON, *on his Arrival at his Villa.*

TO welcome thee a Muſe unknown aſpires,
  Unequal far to what the Theme requires;
Yet humbly hopes to vindicate her Choice,
Who ſings in Concert with the public Voice,
A Patriot's Deeds ſuch high Encomiums claim,
As *Cleon* merits from the Mouth of Fame,
Who ſpreads his Bounty with unſparing Hand,
And Induſtry excites o'er all the Land;
His Canvaſs Wings each diſtant Coaſt explore,
And waft the Wealth of either *India*'s Shore,
Which flows enliv'ning in his Country's Veins,
Still more the Public's, than his private Gains:

So

So runs the ſanguine Current through the Heart,
Whilſt ev'ry Member ſhares a wholeſome Part.
Would they who ſwell in higher Rank and Place
(The Boaſt of Vice, the Bluſh of Human Race)
With virtuous Emulation wiſely ſee
A People's Parent, and that Parent thee;
No more ſhould Luxury licentious roam,
To waſte abroad the Wealth we want at home;
No more ſhould Wretchedneſs and Want prevail,
Nor Hunger tempt the ſtarving Hand to ſteal;
Nor ſhould Corruption, with her gilded Claws,
Debauch our Senates, and debaſe the Laws;
Each wealthy Chief would then a Patriot be;
Who for his Country lives, muſt live like thee.

But ſee where Nature, with diſtinguiſh'd Grace,
Adorns the Proſpect of this lovely Place;
The Birds harmonious chaunt on every Tree
To welcome to their Groves the Spring and thee;
There waving Woods on lofty Summits grow,
Here Silver Lakes reflect their Shades below:
The charming Landſkip glads the Gazer's Heart,
And Nature's Hand aſſiſts the Hand of Art;
Yet Art alone behold triumphant ſmile,
With all her Pomp in yonder ſacred Pile,
Whoſe ſolemn Brow the ſtedfaſt Eye commands,
The pious Labour of religious Hands,
Which rais'd to Heav'n in theſe degen'rate Days,
It's Founder's Faith and Gratitude diſplays;
And ſhall inform remoteſt Years to come,
When *Brunſwick* reign'd, and *Cleon* rear'd the Dome.

A noble Task lies immature behind,
Tho' oft revolv'd within your gen'rous Mind;
Yet ſtill in Embrio waits your pow'rful Hand,
To form the Symmetry, and bid it ſtand.
When Arches bend and ſwelling Columns riſe,
The ſtately Edifice ſhall ſtrike our Eyes
With ſimple Majeſty and ſolemn Stile,
At once to deck and dignify the Pile.
The noble Maſs magnificent ſhall grow,
Not vainly high, nor yet ignobly low;
Shall ſhine a Medium clear of each Exceſs,
It's Maſter's Temper, and his Worth expreſs;
Shall there erect in laſting Grandeur be
By Judges honour'd, tho' 'twas ſung by me.

TEMPE, *a* POEM, *inſcrib'd to* SOLITUDE.

AT laſt, I find where Health her Bow'r has made,
To walk with Wiſdom in the ſocial Shade;
Each Siſter Virtue in her Train is ſeen,
Rejoyc'd to wait on ſweet Content, their Queen.
Around her Grott unfading Verdure grows;
And Bliſs untainted from her Fountain flows;
By Nature call'd ſhe quaffs the Morning Gale,
And ſups with Science in the Muſe's Vale.
Content and Nature in one Manſion dwell;
And Virtue near them builds her moſſy Cell.

Happy the Man who ſeeks not Pow'r, or Praiſe,
And with ſuch meek Aſſociates ſpends his Days;

From Envy ſafe, and wild Ambition's Sway,
No Camps allure him, and no Courts betray:
From Cuſtom's Snares ſecure he turns aſide,
The Baits of Paſſion, and the Springs of Pride;
By Prudence taught, he points his mental Ken
Through Wiſdom's Glaſs, and views the Ways of Men,
Who graſp at fleeting Good in each Diſguiſe,
And gaze on Shadows with inſatiate Eyes;
With panting Hearts each falſe Delight purſue,
Through Fancy's Maze, but ſtill neglect the true;
By Pride impell'd, in Fairy Rounds they roam,
To ſeek that Bliſs abroad which lives at home.
Miſguided Man! to Paſſion's Pow'r a Prey;
By Senſe deceiv'd, by Judgment led aſtray;
Thou Tool of Folly! in thy Reaſon's ſpight,
Renounce thy Knowledge, and do Nature right.
Did ſhe the ſplendid Ills of Life impoſe?
Increaſe thy Wiſhes, or create thy Woes?
Did ſhe thy Idol Pride advance on high?
Or lift thy daring Thoughts to ſcale the Sky?
Did ſhe inchant thee in the myſtic Glade
To build on Vapours, and diſſect a Shade?
In fierce Opinion's Forge to toil in vain,
And mould the Phantoms of thy forming Brain?
For ſpecter'd Whims which ſanguine Fancy rears
Diſtort the Center, and confound the Spheres?
Did ſhe the Bigot's furious Breaſt inſpire
To ſpread his frantic Schemes with Sword and Fire?

Of all who breathe in Earth, in Air, or Tides,
Whom Reaſon governs, or whom Inſtinct guides,
Thro' Nature's Realms no Wretch like Man is found,
Who ſpurns her Barriers, and who breaks her Bound;

Still ruſhing lawleſs on, his headlong Mind
Leaves native Joy and gentle Peace behind:
He ſpreads the Snares of Fate in Faſhion's Loom,
And, in each deep Refinement, digs his Tomb.

Ye Sons of Folly! hither bend your Eyes,
Compare Conditions, and for once be wiſe:
Here Art adorns the ſmiling Groves and Fields;
She rules o'er Nature, and to Nature yields:
With mutual Scepter and ſucceſſive Sway,
By Turns they govern, and by Turns obey:
Bright Order firſt, and Truth coeval roſe,
To Error ſtill and Diſcord endleſs Foes;
Eternal Harmony through Nature founds,
Gives Brooks their Borders, and gives Worlds their Bounds.
Eſtabliſh'd Rectitude in all appears;
Inſtinct the Ant, and Concord moves the Spheres.
Why elſe ſhould Extaſy my Breaſt o'erflow
When icy Winters frown, or Roſes blow?
When raging Storms the Mountain Billows break,
Or gentleſt Gales curl o'er the quiv'ring Lake?

Here, Twilight Groves my Ev'ning Fancy woo;
The Rook high cawing, while the Woodqueſts coo;
The colour'd Cloud enrich'd with golden Dyes,
To crown yon blue-rob'd Hill which props the Skies;
The winding Vale that ſpreads her mantl'd Bloom,
The Lake that glimmers through the verdant Gloom;
Here, pendant Lawns the limpid Mirrors grace
With b'ooming Bluſhes, and with vary'd Face:

Reflected

Reflected Beauties 'mid the Chryſtal Scene,
For ever purple, and for ever green,
The Senſe and Judgment at one View delight,
Regale the Fancy, and ſurprize the Sight.

With Breaſt elate, I climb the ſhapely Mound,
An *Eden* ſmiling, where a Chaos frown'd;
O'er the grim Rock a flow'ry Mantle thrown,
With daiſy'd Verdure decks the craggy Stone
From Quarries rent, which rugged roſe, and rude,
By Rigour ſoften'd, and by Toil ſubdu'd.
The gentle Slopes ſo eaſy here upriſe,
As Nature's Hand would human Art diſguiſe.
So, when ſome awful Sage, whoſe manly Mind
By Virtue warm'd, and Love of Humankind,
A ſavage Race in wild Diſorders ſaw;
Of barb'rous Manners fierce, and brutal Law;
With painful Steps, he wins his arduous Way,
By ſlow Degrees, and bends them to obey;
Till tam'd at laſt, in ſocial State they ſtand,
By Reaſon rul'd, and bleſs the forming Hand.

On public Worth let each Delight attend;
Delight, the Means, but Worth be ſtill the End:
The virtuous Cauſe ſhall wiſe Effects procure;
Who tills the fallow'd Glebe ſhall feed the Poor;
Shall make the Ruſtic ſmile, his Garners groan,
And in his Neighbour's Wealth enjoy his own.

For this, the Fields ſhall richer Blooms diſplay,
The Groves ſhall gladden, and the Hills look gay;
For this, the Springs in lucid Lakes ſhall flow,
The Temples glitter, and the Gardens glow.

Let me amid the Bowers delighted ſtray,
Or on thy breezy Summits waſte the Day,
Wrapt in Elyſium, wander through thy Groves,
Which calm Reflection courts, and Fancy loves;
There, in ſome murm'ring Grott, my Folly loſe;
And drink Oblivion with the ſacred Muſe:
From airy Hopes, and groundleſs Fears, ſecure,
Enjoy Exiſtence, or its Ills endure.

O Solitude Divine! where Reaſon dwells,
No Pride provokes thee, and no Paſſion ſwells;
Let me, repos'd in thy ſerene Embrace,
From human Evils far,—from human Race,
Let me, entranc'd, on thy ſoft Boſom lie,
And all th' inſulting Storms of Life defy:
There, to itſelf, reſtore the injur'd Mind;
And be what Nature, and what God deſign'd.

Let then the Stateſmen hatch his gilded Schemes,
And canton Kingdoms in extatic Dreams;
In greedy Viſions graſp th' incircl'd Ball,
Whilſt butcher'd Millions to his Frenzy fall;
Their Pelf, and Party, let the World purſue;
For what, my Friend, has Reaſon there to do?
From hoſtile Storms eſcap'd, that haraſs'd Dove
Now ſeeks her Safety in the ſilent Grove;
Where you tread Paths by thoughtful Science made,
And court the Muſes in the letter'd Shade.
There, at each tow'ring Syſtem taught to ſmile,
Which erring Fancy founds, or Pride can pile;
There, ſtill on Truth to fix your ſtedfaſt Eyes,
And point out Falſhood in her gay Diſguiſe;

There,

There, with your Country's Weal your Wiſhes blend,
To ſacred Freedom, and her Cauſe, a Friend:
By public Virtue warm'd, your Boſom glows,
And only Slaves and Tyrants are your Foes.

But waft, my Muſe, to yonder Bow'r thy Strains,
Where Wiſdom governs, and where Reaſon reigns;
Where ſweet Content each vital Bleſſing brings,
And o'er the genial Board extends her Wings;
There, ſmiling Concord fills her Halcyon Throne,
Of Joys ſincere poſſeſs'd—to Kings unknown:
Harmonious Hearts her heav'nly Laws obey,
And waiting Angels guide her peaceful Sway.
What pleaſing Sounds thus circle through the Gale!
What Sweets extatic o'er my Mind prevail!
Ye Zephyrs huſh! O! ſoftly pant the Breeze!
Ye Doves, be dumb, *Melinda* ſtrikes the Keys!
As near I move, my raviſh'd Senſes find
Her Muſic gives the Image of her Mind;
Where tuneful Paſſions gently riſe and fall,
With temper'd Energy, at Reaſon's Call;
That mental Melody which Art exceeds
Sounds in her Words, and varies in her Deeds:
Connubial Symphony! whoſe equal Tone
Still in her Conſort's Wiſhes finds her own;
Their circling Joys in mutual Meaſures move,
And ev'ry added Day thoſe Joys improve.
But ſee! their Hopes to diſtant Proſpects run,
A blooming Daughter, and a Darling Son;
That growing Bliſs which rip'ning Youth endears,
The Pride and Promiſe of maturer Years;
By Meekneſs rob'd, her gentle Garb they wear;
For Virtue form'd them with peculiar Care;

To lo'ge true Worth their op'ning Minds ſhe dreſs'd,
And filial Duty came the foremoſt Gueſt;
Nor came alone; ſhe ſoon engag'd a Place
For Manly Talents, and for Female Grace:
Then Senſe and Wit their fair Apartments fill,
By mild Diſcretion guided at her Will;
Breeding and Decency came next behind,
And Honour rais'd, and Goodneſs warm'd the Mind:
Beauty indeed would fain her Place ſecure,
But Angel-like, ſhe waits at Wiſdom's Door.
Can there, on Earth, exiſt more true Delight?
Or gracious Heav'n an happier Pair unite?
Eſteem and Worth, in growing Commerce blend;
And each a Lover lives, and each a Friend.

To a FRIEND on his Marriage.

A Choice ſo bleſs'd Heav'n only could inſpire
To give a Fore-taſte of the Joys above;
How gaily native Innocence lights up
The Charms of Beauty's pow'rful Glance, and ſhines
Conſpicuous in her lovely Smile! mature
In Wit, above her tender Years, ſhe ſeems
Deſign'd to ſhew Perfection in her Dawn;
Where Fruits and Bloſſoms charm at once our View,
And all the Seaſons meet the early Spring.
Let Wealth no more o'er tender Hearts prevail
With Magic Glitter, nor debaſe the Mind
To barter gen'rous Love for ſordid Gold;
Gold from reluctant Nature's Bowels rent,
The Bane of Peace and Peſt of Humankind.

See here! ye Avaritious, treasur'd Gems
Through Chrystal Caskets blaze, Gems brighter far
Than Orient Pearl or *Iudia*'s sparkling Stone,
Whose never-fading Lustre needs no Foil,
On humble Ground in native Meekness set.
Can hoarded Pelf with such a Fund compare?
To thousands Slave, the Miser's Idol God,
The Spendthrift's Curse, when Beauty shines enrich'd
From Heav'n's inestimable boundless Store,
With all the Virtues that adorn the Mind
For social Converse and the Joys of Life.
To sweeten Cares, and bless the marry'd State,
When these united in one Bosom dwell,
What Monarch, on his gorgeous Throne elate,
Shall proudly dare to claim so rich a Prize?
And yet to thee her plighted Hand she gave;
Nor staid, I ween, her faithful Heart behind.
In her Embrace be thou as fully bless'd,
As mortal Essences can be, who Bliss
Consummate never here can know,
Since Cares intruding thrust themselves between,
And Pain oft petrifies the Couch of Down:
From these her Arms a sure Asylum yield,
Where ev'ry anxious Care shall Refuge find,
And chang'd to Joy corrode the Heart no more.

May Years returning in soft Circles roll,
And lengthen'd Days increase your growing Loves,
Till Time shall Passion into Friendship turn;
When hoary Wisdom makes the good Exchange,
And Reason's Pow'r those Hands shall faster tye,
Which Fancy first and tender Wishes join'd.

LINES

LINES inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord NEWPORT, *Lord High Chancellor of* Ireland.

ON Fancy's Wings for diſtant Heights outſpread,
Through vaſt etherial Tracts I tow'ring fly,
To where bright *Sol*, with orient Bluſhes red,
Pours forth the Splendors of the Morning Sky.

There the wiſe Magi ſought fair Truth of old,
And Virtue for their firm Companion choſe;
There new-born Arts did Wiſdom's Veil unfold,
And moral Science like the Sun aroſe.

Amidſt the Memphian Shades in Thought retir'd,
Where pious Sages myſtic Viſions ſaw,
And blameleſs Prieſts and Patriots lay inſpir'd
With Plans of ſacred Faith and ſocial Law.

Th' indulgent Goddeſs to my Eyes diſplay'd
The Springs of Science, and the Seers of *Nile*;
Whence *Amram*'s Son the *Hebrew* Hoſt convey'd,
With *Egypt*'s Wiſdom fraught, and learned Spoil.

Amaz'd I view'd the Hieroglyphic Gloom,
Where dawning Knowledge o'er the Globe was ſpread,
Whoſe genial Rays illumin'd *Greece* and *Rome*,
And paſs'd the tow'ring *Alps*' eternal Head.

Then

Then rais'd aloft through Fields of purple Air
I joyful urge my intellectual Flight.
Now *Sparta*'s Pillars unadorn'd appear;
Now *Athens*' Pomp diſtends my aching Sight.

Pleas'd through the Philoſophic Glooms I ſtray'd,
Led on by Contemplation's Hand to rove;
And *Brutus*' venerable Form ſurvey'd,
Erected awful in the ſacred Grove.

Methought before the Patriot's Image plac'd
The ſolemn Shade of *Socrates* I ſaw,
Whilſt *Plato*'s Form the *Roman* Hero grac'd,
Who fell beneath his Country's falling Law.

There Eloquence her dreaded Pow'r diſplay'd;
Demoſthenes ſtill thunders in my Ear,
Whoſe rapid Bolts the diſtant Foe diſmay'd,
And *Philip*'s haughty Soul tranſfix'd with Fear.

See, Siſter Arts in mutual Triumph reign,
And riſe through Ages with improving Grace;
The ſculptur'd Marble, and the lofty Strain,
Offspring of Liberty and laſting Peace.

Till Iron Diſcord with her ſtern Alarms
Baniſh'd the Muſes from their ancient Seat;
The Muſes fled from Anarchy and Arms,
And found in *Latium* a ſecure Retreat.

There *Clio* to my mental Eye reveals
The *Roman* Glories and immortal Name,
Whilſt Juſtice pois'd inviolate the Scales,
And warlike Virtues ſpread their matchleſs Fame.

Amidſt the Senate *Cato*'s Form I ſee
Stemming with Virtue's Pow'r Corruption's Tide.
But ſay what bright diſtinguiſh'd Chief is he,
Adorn'd by *Mantuan Maro* at his Side?

Mecenas, him th' immortal Muſe hath rais'd
Above the waſting Round of Time's Career,
His Patron's princely Worth by *Flaccus* prais'd,
Shall ſhine exalted as the ſtarry Sphere.

Now wrapt in *Tully's Tuſculum* retir'd,
I lay intranc'd within the ſacred Bow'r,
Where ev'ry God his glowing Breaſt inſpir'd,
And ev'ry Age ſhall claim his thoughtful Hour.

Remote from *Rome* to *Britain*'s bliſsful Shore,
The guiding Goddeſs wing'd her radiant Flight,
Where *Bacon*'s Hand unlock'd the latent Store
Of Nature's richeſt Treaſures to our Sight.

Th' important Volumes to my Mind diſcloſe
The mighty Genius dawning in each Line,
In him th' unclouded Sun of Science roſe;
In him, the Philoſophic Beam Divine.

Thence

Thence down my viſionary Eye ſurveys
A chequer'd Century of rolling Years;
Rejoic'd to fix on *Hardwick*'s happy Days,
Whoſe high-rais'd Worth a thankful Age reveres.

Hardwick! whom Heav'n for human Good deſign'd,
For Virtue's Guardian and Religion's Friend;
In him th' Oppreſs'd a ſacred Refuge find;
For him a grateful People's Vows aſcend.

Wide-wafted thence o'er Seas that ſurging roll,
I paſs'd the boiſt'rous hoarſe *Iernian* Flood,
Still preſſing nearer to the frozen Pole,
And on a Mountain's lofty Summit ſtood;

From whoſe commanding Brow my Sight ſurveys
A Proſpect copious as it's Maſter's Mind,
Where varying Nature all her Charms diſplays,
With ev'ry poliſh'd Art and Grace combin'd.

When lo! the Song-inſpiring ſocial Maid
Exulting, pointed to a ſtately Bow'r;
An awful Edifice, half hid in Shade,
Which ſeem'd the Seat of Dignity and Pow'r:

" Thither, ſhe ſaid, with humble Steps aſpire;
" There ancient Piety and Wiſdom dwell;
" There Charity ſtills fans her ſacred Fire,
" And gen'rous Fervours in each Boſom ſwell.

" The

" The Virtues there of ev'ry ancient Sage,
" Through Time reſounded by the Trump of
" Fame,
" The gather'd Glories of each rolling Age
" Concenter'd in one ſhining Focus flame.

" There *Cato*'s Soul and *Tully*'s Tongue unite;
" There *Hardwick*'s Heart and *Bacon*'s Wiſdom join;
" There *Brutus*' Firmneſs in his Country's Right
" Blends with immortal *Plato*'s Warmth Divine."

Before the ſolemn Portal now I ſtand,
Where all the Virtues in their Stations wait:
But ſee, th' illuſtrious Chief appears at Hand,
Lo! NEWPORT iſſues from the lofty Gate.

BATH, *a* POEM; *inſcrib'd to Dr.* NUGENT, *Phyſician at* Bath.

BEneath the full-orb'd Moon's pale quiv'ring Gleam,
Lonely I wander'd with ſerene Delight,
Where *Avon* mute draws her ſlow winding Stream,
And dubious glides inſenſible to Sight.

Muſing, along the ozier'd Banks I ſtray'd,
Whilſt ſounding Riv'lets ſadly-pleaſing roll,
The Veſper-warbling Bird inchants the Shade,
And brilliant Stars ſhine round the ſpangled Pole.

The

The awful Scene each ſolemn Thought inſpir'd;
  Of Good and Ill I ponder'd much the Cauſe;
Of Ill deep-felt, and Good in vain deſir'd;
  Of ruling Providence, and Nature's Laws:

If Bliſs was meant the Lot of wailing Man:
  If Bliſs unbroken in this State below;
Where Heart-corroding Pains contract his Span,
  And waſting Cares conſign his Life to Woe.

Anxious, revolving in my hardy Breaſt,
  Raſhly aroſe the Sentiment prophane;
Till Reaſon's Arm the rebel Thought repreſt,
  And ſacred Truth reſum'd her tranquil Reign.

Methought a radiant Form in Beauty's Bloom
  Beckon'd me gently to a ruſtic Bow'r,
Where interwoven Fragrance form'd a Gloom,
  A Grotto ſacred to ſome Sylvan Pow'r:

'Twas roſy *Health!* ſhe here her Dwelling had;
  Health! faireſt Daughter of the genial Skies;
Her beamy Smile made every Creature glad;
  And with her dwelt her Siſter *Exerciſe*.

The Nymph whom ancient Bards exulting ſung,
  When vig'rous Fingers ſwept the ſounding String,
When Temp'rance triumph'd, and when Time was young,
  In Virtue's Autumn, and in Nature's Spring.

From

From Chryſtal-Rocks then living Streams ran clear,
And, dimpling, ſpread their glaſſy Mirrors round;
Immortal Verdure deck'd the ſmiling Year;
And bounteous Nature bleſs'd the teeming Ground.

The Branches big with bluſhing Burdens bow;
And Flocks, unclaim'd, along the Vallies feed;
The Virgin Glebe nor felt the Sharing Plow,
Nor ſportive Lambs beneath the Knife yet bleed:

The guſhing Grape, unpreſs'd, yet harmleſs hung,
No reeking Lips the Crimſon Nectars ſtain;
The jealous Ivy round its Cluſters clung,
To ſkreen from guiltleſs Men the gen'rous Bane.

Seaſons, unbid, their various Viands ſpread;
And Herbs and Fruits compoſe the artleſs Treat;
Exceſs, as yet, nor rear'd her bloated Head,
Nor noxious lent her frantic Hand to Fate.

Thus bloom'd the Goddeſs *Health*, ſerenely fair!
Then Peace preſided, and then Paſſion ſlept;
Stranger alike to Diſcord, and to Care;
No Arm then injur'd, and no Eye then wept.

Content, her ever-conſtant Handmaid, ſtood
Obſequious, waiting at her chearful Side;
Her Subjects lov'd her; for her Reign was good,
Of Envy fearleſs, and unknown to Pride:

Till

Till Vice, fell Peſt! advanc'd her baleful Head,
Through Virtue's Diſtrict direful Inroads made;
Before her Strides the Virgin Goddeſs fled,
And ſought for Safety in the ſhelt'ring Shade.

Exceſs uſurps the Throne, and, lawleſs, reigns;
Riot and *Luxury* before her ſtand;
Diſeaſe and *Death* fly o'er th' infected Plains,
And *Pride* and *Peſtilence* deface the Land!

From Clime to Clime the vagrant Virtue fled;
From Clime to Clime the baneful Peſt purſu'd;
In *Albion*'s Iſle ſhe rear'd her Angel Head;
In *Albion*'s Iſle the golden Age renew'd!

There, Reaſon rul'd, and Temp'rance triumph'd there,
There Health and Strength, a vig'rous Offspring riſe;
Health in the Soil was found, and in the Air,
And Strength, in nervous Limbs, and manly Size.

But thee, ſweet *Bath!* her lov'd Abode ſhe makes;
Or on thy circling Hills ſhe waves her Wings;
Or laves her brooding Boſom in thy Lakes;
Or riſes glowing in thy hallow'd Springs.

Thou, Source of Joy! whence cordial Bounty flows,
See, Life! See, Vigour! guſhing from thy Veins;
Thou unexhauſted Balm of human Woes!
To baniſh Sorrows, and to ſooth all Pains.

Propitious

Propitious Fountain of ſincere Delight!
Beauties new kindl'd from thy Boſom riſe;
As Stars, aſcending from the Ocean bright,
With Rays relum'd adorn the Eaſtern Skies.

Ten thouſand Pleaſures on thy Summit ſport;
And Gladneſs glides exulting in thy Gales;
The blooming Graces to thy Groves reſort;
Or wander joyful in thy winding Vales.

Take then the Lay a grateful Muſe beſtows;
Th' unlabour'd Lay, which to thy Fame ſhe brings;
To thy inſpiring Source her Song ſhe owes;
Her Numbers warble from thy ſacred Springs.

Nor thou, my Friend, the fervent Strain refuſe;
Since Virtue warms, and Merit claims the Lay;
A Worth like thine the chaſteſt Bard may chuſe;
A Praiſe ſo juſt with decent Pride diſplay.

For Arts much honour'd, but for Virtue more,
Through *Envy*'s Cloud ſhone forth thy gen'rous Mind;
Thy Heart, as copious as thy healing Store,
Flows out with equal Force on Humankind.

Lo! Nature's deep-hid Springs to thee are known;
Her ſecret Workings and myſterious Laws;
Her winding Labyrinths you make your own;
You ward the fell Effect, you cruſh the Cauſe:

Nor

Nor Gain, nor Vanity, thy Mind can move
To lift the Weary'd, and the Anguiſh'd eaſe;
Thy ruling Avarice, the public Love;
Thy utmoſt Pride, a Heart humane to pleaſe.

And ſee! Succeſs, thy happy Steps attend;
Succeſs thy Goodneſs, and thy Talents claim;
Let then the feeble Efforts of a Friend
Join the ſtrong Current of thy ſpreading Fame.

To a FRIEND.

SINCE Knaves are captious, and ſince Fools are dull,
Who'd wiſh to wrangle with a Knave or Fool?
Fond of his Notions, let the Dunce be vain,
And his juſt Right to Emptineſs maintain.
Stiff and conceited in his clumſey Pride,
And ever loudeſt on the erring Side;
By ſtupid Hearſay, not by Knowledge led,
Whole Heaps of vulgar Errors crowd his Head:
His Judgment too (for nought he underſtands)
Lies, like his Money, in ſome other Hands:
And yet the Self-admiring, ſilly Aſs,
Conceits that both alike ſhould current paſs:
Some crony Coxcomb o'er his Foible reigns,
From whom he borrows what ſupplies his Brains
With Sentiments abſurd, and ſilly Views,
Which he with Pride precipitate purſues.

Such senseless Sots are ever rapid found,
Like Bodies bounding from a higher Ground;
Their headlong Haste slow trundling to a Stand
Is ever equal to th' impressive Hand;
Who meerly passive to Direction's Force,
One follows one, as Horse is link'd to Horse;
Alternate tread the beaten Track they find,
The Father leads, the Son comes on behind,
And both are burthen'd still, and both are blind.
Whence comes this Prejudice that rules the Throng,
So absolute confounding Right with Wrong?
Is it from Fathers to their Sons effus'd,
Or is it Custom has the World abus'd?

Custom, that Reason's Foe, so oft appears,
Strengthen'd by Age, and rev'rend made by Years;
The hoary Sorceress with Magic Hand,
Inchants whole Millions to her wide Command.
Lo! gaping Multitudes her Nod attend,
Revere her Dictates, and her Laws defend.
Where Truth, dethron'd, to silent Shades must fly,
And Reason close her clear discerning Eye;
The Goddess, banish'd from this peopl'd Ball,
By few is worshipp'd, and prophan'd by all.
Ten thousand various Shapes her Vot'ries wear;
The Shapes as various as the Vot'ries are.
Yet each with partial Pride his own surveys,
'Tis Reason's Liv'ry, and must Reason please
He vainly thinks: For so Self-love descries
The tinsel Trappings with extatic Eyes,
Whose dazzl'd Rays imagin'd Splendors find,
Where Fancy glitters, and where Sense is blind.

Tho'

Tho' Truth's a Sun, tho' Reaſon lends its Light,
Yet groping Mortals wander ſtill in Night:
Such Fogs from Cuſtom, and from Paſſions riſe,
Which daily cloud their intellectual Skies.
Seduc'd by Pride, the Sons of Men are led:
Pride rules the Heart, and Pride ſupplies the Head.
'Tis hence the Atheiſt ſcoffs at Faith and Creeds;
The Sage dies poring, and the Soldier bleeds:
Hence wicked Wits would laugh Religion down,
And ſurly Churchmen wear th' indignant Frown.
Pride o'er the Paſſions holds deſpotic Rule,
Sneers in the Knave, and whiſpers in the Fool,
Deck'd in rich Robes with princely Pomp ſhe dwells,
Yet lurks ſhe not with Hermits in their Cells?
The ſame which mounts the glitt'ring *Perſian* Throne,
And creeps with cavern'd *Anchorites* unknown.
In ſome ſhe labours Life's ſhort Courſe to ſteer,
Sound the flat Shelves, and from the Rocks keep clear:
A decent Pride through op'ning Seas will ſail,
Scorn the By-creek, and court the gen'rous Gale.
'Tis virtuous there, for Virtue fix'd the Bound,
'Tis vicious here, for Vice o'erleap'd the Mound.
Extremes with equal Energy conſpire,
Like ſcorching Qualities of Froſt and Fire,
Happy the few, which in the Middle ſtand,
A rigid Juſtice leans to neither Hand,
But nicely eyes when this or that prevails,
And ponders Life in Truth's unerring Scales.

Could Worth and Wiſdom act a mutual Part,
Serene the Head, and ſocial were the Heart;

Were Man a private and a public Friend,
And of his Being anſwer'd ev'ry End,
His Wiſhes free from ev'ry ſenſual Chain,
His Thoughts unrufflʼd, and his Soul ſerene,
Bleſs'd to enjoy what calm Content beſtows,
Nor dreading ſtill that calm Content to loſe;
A State ſo bliſsful Mortals ne'er muſt know:
Who ſeeks an *Eden* finds a Waſte below.
Look round, alas! the diſmal Proſpect ſcan,
This Sea tempeſtuous, and that Veſſel, Man,
Toſs'd by his Wiſhes, by his Paſſions driv'n,
This Wretch of Reaſon, and this Heir of Heav'n,
In giddy Whirls can find no certain Coaſt,
His Pilot blinded, and his Steerage loſt.
Since hateful Vice in every Clime is found,
Shoots in each Soil, and choaks the burthen'd Ground,
Infects the Eſſence of the human Soul,
And ſheds her ſpreading Plagues from Pole to Pole.
Can then ſtrict Order with Confuſion ſtay,
Or mortal Man th' eternal Rule obey?
By Nature prone, he takes the ſtrongeſt Part,
And joins the Rebel Motions in his Heart;
Revolting daily to th' inteſtine Foes;
What Precepts can the faithleſs Heart oppoſe?
Should mild Religion lend her ſacred Hand,
To raiſe the ſinking Wretch, and bid him ſtand;
Yet even ſhe all-gracious and benign,
Muſt weep defeated, and her Claim reſign:
So ſtrong is Nature, and ſo weak is Grace,
So much miſguided is this reas'ning Race.
Tho' Folly has the madding World o'er-run;
Yet Wiſdom here and there has ſav'd a Son,

Selected

Selected ſure by Heav'ns peculiar Love,
To brighten Nature, and to ſhine above;
As Stars of larger Magnitude on high,
The Earth enlighten, and adorn the Sky.
Thus *Plato* glitter'd, God-like *Newton* ſhone,
Thus *Bacon* once, and once an *Addiſon*.
Illuſtrious Names! by Providence deſign'd
To beam its Bounty, and direct Mankind.
A thouſand leſſer Lights in Life appear
Diſtinguiſh'd high in Nature's Hemiſphere,
Hung out by Heav'n to guide our Courſe below,
Correct our Wand'rings, and our Safeties ſhow,
Whoſe Luſtre much, but whoſe true Progreſs more
Guides our frail Barks, and points to Wiſdom's Shore.

On ſeeing a Picture of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of WALES, *which was preſented to the Univerſity of* Dublin.

IN Time's wide-waſting Walk with backward Thread,
Through Fancy's Retroſpect I journey'd far,
Where human Glory in her Piles lay ſpread,
The Arch triumphal and the trophy'd Car.

Deep in th' Abyſs of that myſterious Gloom
Where Embryon Years and dire Contingents grow,
Like Twins matur'd in Time's all-teeming Womb,
Whence Pride's fell Progeny and Diſcord flow.

There laurel'd Chiefs and Heroes old I ſaw,
A headlong, hardy, dread, deſtructive Train,
Their God Ambition, and their Will their Law,
Tremendous Prodigies and Nature's Bane.

By Pride impell'd and Fame's fallacious Blaſt,
In Virtue's Garb, which Madmen Glory call,
At deſtin'd Life the deathful Spear they caſt,
And tore the Vitals of this wounded Ball.

O Shame of Reaſon and her boaſtful Sons;
Inſtinct they ſcorn, whoſe Footſtep never ſtrays;
Yet ſhe unerring to her Purpoſe runs:
Her Ends are certain, tho' unmark'd her Ways.

Let human Arrogance from hence be taught
How wide from Rectitude her Paſſions roam;
Paſſions abroad for Happineſs have ſought:
But Happineſs with Nature dwells at home.

Penſive I view'd through deep Reflection's Ken
Excentric Reaſon and the Rounds of Time,
With all the mazy Labyrinths of Men,
Opinion's Frenzy, and Ambition's Crime.

With Eyes averted from th' unſocial Scene,
The Muſes led me to a ſacred Shade,
Where laurel'd Grottos bloom'd for ever green,
And peaceful Olives in the Zephyrs play'd.

Secure, inwrap'd beneath th' embracing Wing
Of ſolemn Science and ſerene Repoſe,
Celeſtial Tranſports in my Fancy ſpring,
And glorious Viſions to my Soul diſcloſe.

Waſted,

Wafted, methought, where blifsful Shades up-grow,
Amidft a flow'ry Vale intranc'd I lay,
Where winding Streams in limpid Mazes flow,
And creſted Swans down Silver Currents ſtray.

There high-hung Rocks by Crimſon Fragrance crown'd,
With gentle Force reflect the Noon-tide Beams,
Whilſt guſhing Springs from Chryſtal Caverns ſound,
And floating Rills diffuſe their falling Streams.

To pierce the Clouds th' aſpiring Cliffs uproſe
From boiſt'rous Storms and ſavage Man ſecure,
Beneath all Nature's Wealth uninjur'd grows,
Her Bounty bleſſes, and her Charms endure.

One downward Walk flow winding from on high,
By Virtue's Hand and willing Nature made,
Invites the curious Mind and ſearching Eye,
To ſeek with cautious Steps fair Wiſdom's Shade.

But ſee the Goddeſs heav'nly bright appears,
Perſuaſion pleading in her Smile ſerene;
A thouſand Charms her graceful Form endears,
And Peace exults and Pleaſure in her Mien.

A Crown, unfading on her Brow ſhe bore
With Virtue's Emblems, and her Gems inlaid;
The Crown, immortal, which of old ſhe wore;
Ere yet Ambition had the World diſmay'd.

Her favour'd Sons from 'midſt the madding Crowd,
Her Sons ſelect with gentle Hand ſhe drew,
Secreted timely from th' auſtere and proud,
Their Fame wide-ſpreading, tho' their Numbers few.

Great Nature's Secrets in the Shade they ſought,
Nor gaz'd attentive on the deep-hid Store
Of treaſur'd Miſchiefs in her Boſom wrought,
The dazzling Diamond and th'inticing Ore.

Guiltleſs as yet within its darkſome Bed,
Unriſl'd in the Virgin Globe it lay;
No ſordid Fancy on its Splendors fed,
Nor dragg'd the deep Infection forth to Day.

Now by a Chryſtal Fountain's pure Expanſe
They view the Windings of the ſtarry Train,
That through th' etherial Concave nightly dance,
Or riſe refulgent from the purple Main.

So Wiſdom's Sons ſequeſter'd from the Throng
Of Cuſtom's Captives, and her Slaves miſled,
In Freedom happy, and in Virtue ſtrong,
From Crimes were ſhielded, and from conſcious Dread.

Thus bloom'd the Goddeſs in her Reign retir'd,
To Triumphs fell and fatal Fields unknown;
Her gentle Sway no ſanguine Wreath requir'd;
In Halcyon Hearts ſhe fix'd her friendly Throne.

Now,

Now mighty Monarchs by her Charms are won,
Who gaze enamour'd on her Face Divine,
And Slaves and Tyrants to her Temples run,
Embrace her Altars, and adore her Shrine.

The Muſe attendant in her radiant Way,
Beholds her ſhining like the Morning Star,
Herſelf unfolding in a Flood of Day,
Diffuſing Science and her Light from far.

From *Egypt* beaming, and the ſplendid Eaſt,
To *Greece* ſhe travell'd on the Wings of Fame;
Their op'ning Gates receive the glorious Gueſt,
And lofty Pyramids her Praiſe proclaim.

Behold, on high th' immortal † Bard appears,
In every Region like the Sun ſurvey'd,
Whoſe Fame ſhall vanquiſh Time's remoteſt Years,
When Braſs and Marble are to Duſt decay'd.

What Laurel Wreaths at letter'd *Athens* grew,
What Science there diſpens'd her ſacred Store;
Deſire was dazzl'd at the ſplendid View;
Ambition pall'd, and Pride could aſk no more.

Who on his Country's Boſom gently trod?
Who fetter'd Freedom in his ſilken Bands?
Imperial *Cæſar*,—*Rome*'s Deſire and Rod,
With Tyrant Trophies in his Patriot Hands.

† *Homer.*

The World's dread Lord, *Auguſtus*, great in Fame
With open Arms embrac'd the Muſes Lore;
The grateful Muſe adorns th' immortal Name,
And gilds the Stains his Conqueſts left before.

Through far-ſtretch'd Years by Rage and Rapine ſpread
The guilty Streams with human Slaughter ſwell,
The Muſe from Diſcord hides her harmleſs Head,
And ſeeks the lonely Shade and penſive Cell.

In diſmal Damps long Ages there ſhe lay,
'Mid Glooms envellop'd and congenial Night,
Till *Leo*'s lucid Beams brought back the Day,
And call'd forth Learning to her native Light.

With her each Virtue to the World return'd,
And Truth once more unveil'd her heav'nly Face;
Uſurping Error from her Throne was ſpurn'd,
And awful Juſtice fill'd her ancient Place.

In *Britain*'s Iſle, by Heav'n's directing Voice,
Her beſt lov'd Dwelling, and her Home ſhe made;
Britain of old was Virtue's early Choice;
For Freedom nurs'd her in the friendly Shade.

Now op'ning wide an ambient Cloud retir'd,
When, lo! a Form in Female Pomp appears,
An awful Form with regal Robes attir'd;
Her Mien majeſtic, and mature her Years.

Her

Her Head a Crown, a Scepter grac'd her Hand,
And public Care ſat comely on her Face;
She look'd Dominion and auſtere Command,
With Mercy temper'd, and with manly Grace.

Her Throne of azure Gems and Pearl was made,
With *Indian* Gold and dazzling Diamonds grac'd;
Old Ocean's Trident at her Feet was laid;
Her Feet on vanquiſh'd *Spain* were firmly plac'd.

Before her Throne *Britannia*'s Genius bows,
Obſequious waiting at her pow'rful Hand,
Whilſt kneeling Millions offer ardent Vows,
The fervent Incenſe of a grateful Land.

On yonder diſtant † Shore behold a Pile,
A ſolemn Pile from ſacred Ruins riſe.
Eliza's Glory gilds the joyful Iſle,
She bids the ſtately Structure pierce the Skies.

The noble Maſs in ſolemn Form aſcends,
The Muſes Manſions charm my raviſh'd Sight;
Ierne's Angel like the Noon deſcends,
And fills the lofty Dome with ſacred Light.

I ſee! I ſee! the myſtic Leaves unfold,
And Time's vaſt Volume to my Eyes expand;
Rejoic'd, I read th' illuſtrious Names enroll'd,
The Boaſt of Science and their native Land.

Great

† *Queen* Elizabeth *founded the Univerſity of* Dublin.

Great *Uſher*'s Fame his early Fame outſpread,
Has reach'd the Limits of the riſing Morn;
He drinks with Wiſdom at her Fountain's Head,
Whilſt orient Wreaths his awful Brows adorn.

In far-ſtretch'd Views with fainter Rays I ſee
Through Years remote and diſtant Clouds deſcry'd
The Patriot-Genius, doom'd by Heav'n to be
The Muſe's Glory, and his Country's Guide:

Immortal *Swift*, with Wit's true Radiance crown'd;
Near him bright *Congreve* and *Roſcommon* ſhine;
There *Parnel* treads through Life's myſterious Round,
His Hermit leading in his Hand Divine.

With theſe a Train of laurel'd Sages ſpring,
Deſerving Honours and unſpotted Fame,
Surrounding Angels wait on miter'd *King*,
And ſacred Wiſdom bows to *Berkeley*'s Name.

Wide, and more wide, my raptur'd Mind ſurveys
Auſpicious Proſpects dawning from afar,
The Joy and Triumph of ſucceeding Days,
Britannia's riſing Hope, and Virtue's Star.

A promis'd Prince rejoicing Time ſhall bring,
Affiſting Heav'n ſhall haſte th' important Hour;
On his juſt Brow no lawleſs Wreath ſhall ſpring,
Nor guilty Glory ſtain his temper'd Pow'r.

Religion's

Religion's Charms ſhall all his Soul poſſeſs,
Her Charms unchanging, and celeſtial Hue,
His great Ambition ſhall be ſtill to bleſs,
And Honour's Prize in Virtue's Path purſue.

Triumphant Juſtice on his Throne ſhall wait,
His Throne on Truth's eternal Baſe ſhall ſtand;
Meekneſs on high ſhall lift his glorious State,
And God-like Mercy guide his ſcepter'd Hand.

On him the Seaſons ſhall their Bounty ſhed,
And ſmiling Plenty pour her teeming Horn;
His Fame with Time's deſcending Stream ſhall ſpread
To diſtant Years and Ages yet unborn.

See Learning's Sons the laurel'd Trophy bring,
See Arts exult in his prolific Beam,
Each raptur'd Muſe the genial Power ſhall ſing,
And Wiſdom's Voice adorn th' immortal Theme.

Virtue once more her drooping Head ſhall raiſe,
And ſmile ſecure within th' Embrace of Pow'r;
Merit reviv'd ſhall meet with more than Praiſe,
And Genius then to glorious Heights ſhall tow'r.

Thou too, *Hibernia*, hail th' approaching Year,
Prepare thy Voice, attune thy ancient Lyre;
Triumphant Notes thy echoing Vales ſhall chear,
Auguſtus' Fame ſhall fill thy grateful Choir.

Sacred

Sacred to thee, indulgent Heav'n beſtows
The Pledge prophetic of thy promis'd Day,
For thee on high th' imperial Portrait glows,
Which Genius warms, and Godlike Arts array.

From Fancy's Eye, lo! Time's hiſtoric Hand
With gentle Force the myſtic Veil updrew,
Behold ſerene the gracious Semblance ſtand
In awful Radiance to my raptur'd View.

ARDELIA, *A POEM.*

Addreſs'd to a very agreeable young Lady.

CLIO, fair Nymph of heav'nly Race,
Declin'd for once her Bard's Embrace,
Like fickle Wantons here below,
Who random Favours wildly ſhew.
He anxious courted her Return,
But ſhe rejects his Vows with Scorn;
Thoſe Vows which could but ill aſpire
When ſhe with-held her heav'nly Fire.
In vain on Fancy he depends,
His heavy Fancy ſtill deſcends.
The held-up Crown, the mighty Prize,
The Laurel green that never dies,
And all that on *Parnaſſus* grows,
Or from *Pierian* Fountains flows,
The Sons of *Phœbus* to reward,
And crown the viſionary Bard,
At Diſtance far he faintly views,
Then inward ſighs, and blames the Muſe:

But

But Mortals to vain Fears reſign'd,
In Darkneſs to what lies behind
The myſtic Veil let down by *Jove*,
To ſcreen his Purpoſes above,
When duſky Doubts deſponding preſs
From preſent Ills the future gueſs,
Diſmiſſing Hope when Succour's near,
They blindly ruſh upon Deſpair.
For lo! the Nymph of Form divine,
With Preſence ſweet and Smiles benign,
His Vows at length propitious hears,
And in a Viſion bright appears,
As in a Gloom where Poplars riſe,
A gentle Slumber clos'd his Eyes;
Her Shape celeſtial ſhe diſplays,
Her radiant Head was crown'd with Bays,
Her Shoulders fledg'd with Purple Wings,
And in one Hand a Laurel ſprings,
Which ſhe extended held on high,
Emblem of Fame and Victory;
A trembling Lyre the other ſhews,
Which on her Bard the Muſe beſtows;
But touching firſt th' etherial Wire,
Inflam'd his Soul with ſacred Fire,
Diffuſing Tranſport through each Part,
And melting Rapture round his Heart.
Deſcending now with yielding Eye,
And pointing to the Wreath on high,
Behold, ſhe ſaid, ambitious Bard!
The Prize you ſeek, the rich Reward,
Which ſhall employ the Trump of Fame
In ſounding forth your envy'd Name.

Yet theſe high Favours which you court
Are not vouchſaf'd for trivial Sport;
A playful Fancy to employ,
Or glitter on ſome tinſel Toy:
A Theme diſtinguiſh'd I will find
That ſhall exalt thy ardent Mind,
Where Truth and Genius juſtly may
Each others Excellence diſplay;
On ſuch Foundations building Praiſe,
The poliſh'd Pile ſecure you'll raiſe,
Embelliſh'd high in ev'ry Part
With all the beauteous Strokes of Art,
Where ſhe and Nature both conſpire,
And at their own Succeſs admire.
Groſs Flatt'ry here can find no Place,
You need but copy ev'ry Grace;
A Nymph with Lineaments divine,
And envy'd by the tuneful Nine;
For ſprightly Wit and Genius known,
And Judgment equal to their own;
A Critic nice, but not ſevere,
A Mind as tender as ſincere,
Shall your ſucceſsful Subject be,
In ſinging her you're ſure of me.
The Graces too ſhall all attend,
And ev'ry Pow'r thy Verſe befriend.
Then happy Bard my Counſel chuſe,
Let bright *Ardelia* be thy Muſe.
Her Voice divine ſtill charm'd my Ear,
Ardelia's Form approaches near,
With ev'ry native Beauty bleſs'd
In *Clio*'s heav'nly Smile confeſs'd;

Her

Her Mien in Virtue's Air array'd,
A thouſand graceful Charms diſplay'd,
Such Charms as genuine Raptures give,
And in Reflection's Eye ſhall live;
Lodg'd in the Soul unmix'd and pure,
Shall laſting as itſelf endure.
Her outward Charms, her youthful Prime,
May yield at length to rifling Time,
But thoſe within elude his Sway,
And late ſhall triumph o'er Decay.
If like the Sun ſhe muſt decline,
Her Ev'ning Rays ſhall richer ſhine,
With purple Splendours deck the Sky,
And look more lovely than on high.
Virtue alone ſuch Pow'r diſplays
When mortal Beauties loſe their Blaze.
How happy then th' accompliſh'd Maid,
Where Virtue joins in Beauty's Aid!
Where Meekneſs makes true Merit riſe
And heightens Charms it would diſguiſe!
By buſy Fancy thus employ'd,
The pleaſing Dream I long enjoy'd:
The Viſion fled, I waking find
The lovely Image in my Mind.
My kindling Fancy ſoon took Fire,
I joyful ſnatch the ſounding Lyre,
By *Clio*'s heav'nly Finger ſtrung,
And all th' extatic Viſion ſung.
Ardelia's Worth demands the Song,
To her my future Strains belong;
For ſhe improves each Line I write,
Her Blots ſtill make my Numbers bright;

Thrice

Thrice happy Numbers, doom'd to lie
Beneath the Influence of her Eye,
Imbibing thence, as from the Sun,
A Life and Vigour not their own.

To a young LADY, *who had made an Epigram on* TIME, *but refus'd to give a Copy.*

WHY will *Ardelia* ſtill refuſe
What ſhe may grant with Pride,
Why ſtudy to ſuppreſs her Muſe,
Why ſtill her Numbers hide?

No more conceal that ſparkling Vein,
Let your bright Treaſure run;
Like current Gold your Sterling Strain
Should circle with the Sun.

In vain you maſk in Houſewife Airs,
In vain diſguiſe your Wit;
Through ev'ry Look your Senſe appears,
Thro' ev'ry Smile the Cheat.

Prithee no longer thus affect
Your Talents to conceal:
Let Wit its own bright Beam detect,
And throw aſide the Veil.

Nor

Nor need you fear your Friends ſhould blame,
They know your Worth too long;
That you on Senſe build ſolid Fame,
Not on a trifling Song.

A furniſh'd Houſe your Mind appears,
Where Firmneſs claims a Place;
Yet Ornament the Fancy chears,
And Pictures give a Grace.

Your, Subject, *Time*, will never ſtay
Then uſe it to kind Ends;
Nor think your Moments thrown away,
When you inſtruct your Friends.

On a Young LADY *Dancing,*

Who did great EXECUTION *without knowing it.*

WHEN *Stella* glides with heedleſs Glance,
Obedient to the ſprightly Sound;
Through all the Mazes of the Dance,
With Muſic-moving Feet around;

Such Harmony is in her Air,
Such Grace each Attitude ſupplies;
In Tranſport loſt no Sound we hear,
A ſweeter Concord charms our Eyes.

Thus

Thus lovely *Venus* in her Sphere
  Thro' winding Meaſures moves on high;
With golden Beams ſhe glads the Year,
  And gaily gilds the Morning Sky.

While raptur'd Mortals on her gaze,
  Regardleſs by what Law ſhe moves;
Still raviſh'd by her ſplendid Rays,
  The joyful World admires and loves.

Triumphant thus no Pang ſhe feels,
  No Pity melts her vacant Mind:
So youthful Victors at their Wheels
  Unheeded Captives drag behind.

Ah *Stella!* know thy Power betimes,
  Guiltleſs in thee, yet fatal found;
Thy Eyes indeed commit no Crimes,
  Yet ev'ry Glance conveys a Wound.

With Caution uſe thy dang'rous Charms,
  Which now at Random thus annoy;
And gently wield thoſe glitt'ring Arms
  By Beauty brighten'd to deſtroy.

At leaſt behold thy Victims fall,
  Their Fate ſhould ſome Compaſſion move;
Thy Pity may extend to all,
  Tho' one alone enjoys thy Love.

MYRTILLA.

THE Crimſon Clouds, with Gold array'd,
O'er the rich Dawn their Pomp diſplay'd;
The Sun in bluſhing Beams aroſe,
The Mountains glitter as he goes;
The tow'ring Lark her Anthems ſings,
And Heav'n's blew Arch melodious rings;
The tuneful Thruſh kept Time below,
The friſking Lambs leap to and fro;
Each feather'd Warbler ſtretch'd his Throat,
And Eccho anſwer'd ev'ry Note.

Myrtilla now, relenting Maid,
Was walking by a verdant Shade,
There looſely dreſs'd in lovely Green,
Her Preſence bleſs'd the gladſome Scene;
Her Locks Love's Labyrinth reveal,
They wanton in the balmy Gale;
The balmy Gale her Locks unfurl,
And rifle Fragrance from each Curl,
Which ſcatter'd Odours as they play'd;
Her ſnowy Breaſts ſuch Charms betray'd,
As might the coldeſt Heart inſpire,
And warm old Age with youthful Fire.
With Eyes intent ſhe gently moves
Attended by a thouſand Loves;
A Paper glitters in her Hands,
The Edge was Gold, and Gold the Sands
That o'er the ſoft Contents were ſhed,
The Letters ſpangled as ſhe read;

Her

Her Eyes enrich the lucid Lines,
A gentle Luſtre from them ſhines.
Then, bluſhing, ſighs with ſilent Shame,
And ſeems her ſecret Wiſh to blame:
Her Wiſhes then themſelves declare,
No Wiſh unkind poſſeſs'd the Fair;
For mighty Love her Boſom ſway'd,
And ſweet *Myrtilla* Love obey'd.
Damon, ſhe ſaid, how pure thy Flame!
(And as ſhe ſaid ſhe kiſs'd the Name)
How long did I thy Vows reprove,
Deaf to thy Sighs, and blind to Love!
Too proud thy Paſſion to exchange,
Regardleſs of the dread Revenge
Which Love's keen Arrows have infix'd,
When with my Soul thy Image mix'd:
Ah! kneel no more, dear Youth ariſe,
Myrtilla now for *Damon* dies.

Young *Damon*, by ſome God convey'd,
Had ſought, like her, the Morning Shade,
Where in a Gloom with Moſs o'ergrown,
He makes his melancholy Moan;
He hears her ſpeak, he ſees her move,
And what he hears and ſees is Love.
Quick in his Soul ſoft Tumults roſe,
His Blood in ruſhing Currents flows;
His Pulſe and Breath unequal play,
Depriv'd of Motion as he lay.
Myrtilla now approaches near,
His Boſom beats with Hope and Fear;
As nearer ſtill the Damſel drew,
The tender Tumult thicker grew;

Her plaintive Voice on *Damon* calls,
She ſees him pant, then ſtarting falls,
And falling with diſorder'd Charms,
She drops into her *Damon*'s Arms.

Thus Love, or Chance, or both, conſpire,
And *Fate* indulg'd each fond Deſire;
The little God exulting flew,
Who would his own ſoft Triumph view,
He clapt his Wings, his Quiver ſpurn'd,
And with a Laugh aloft return'd.

On the Hoſpital for Lying-in-Women, erected in Dublin. *Inſcrib'd to the Founders.*

CEleſtial Charity! thy Praiſe I ſing,
O lift my Fancy on thy Angel Wing,
With thy pure Energy, propitious Gueſt,
Fill all my Faculties, and fire my Breaſt,
To raiſe the Soul, its tender Springs to move
To warm Benevolence, to kindle Love.
O Queen of Virtues! in whoſe Face we find
The living Traces of th' Eternal Mind,
Where Pity beaming copious Bounty glows,
And ſweet Benevolence for ever flows;
How are thy Attributes, celeſtial Maid,
Through all th' Extent of Heav'n and Earth diſplay'd!
Lo! melting Mercy in thy Eſſence lives,
And pities firſt what ſhe at laſt forgives.
Through each revolving Scene and changing Stage,
From cradl'd Infancy to crippled Age,

Thy

Thy friendly Hand ſupports the trembling Knee,
And Pain and Poverty ſtill cry to thee.
Thine Eye well-pleas'd, propitious Goddeſs, turn,
Here kneel thy Vot'ries, here thy Altars burn,
Here breath thy Ardours, here thy Pow'rs redreſs,
And reach th' up-lifting Hand to low Diſtreſs;
Remove fell Maladies, and ſoften Woe,
When teeming Nature feels the painful Throw;
Shelter the Matron from the naked Wild,
And ſave at once the Mother and the Child:
The Houſeleſs Wretch no friendly Shade who finds,
Expos'd to beating Rains and howling Winds,
Shall here from Anguiſh and Temptation free,
Enjoy her Innocence, her Babe, and Thee:
Shall here, ſecure from caſual Ills, confeſs
Thy healing Comforts, and thy Bounty bleſs.
Auſpicious Pile, preventing Pains and Guilt,
Firſt plann'd by Piety, by Virtue built,
A public Virtue in thy Founder blaz'd,
A public Love thy ſacred Manſions rais'd,
Manſions by Charity herſelf deſign'd,
The ſure Aſylum of the ſuff'ring Kind,
Whom Poverty with meagre Mien purſues,
And ghaſtly Malady, with Pain ſubdues;
In thee reliev'd, their fainting Souls revive,
The reſcu'd Mother and her Infant thrive;
Through timely Care and Strength-reſtoring Food,
Thoſe ſmiling Pledges of the public Good,
Thy Charity to early Light conveys,
To ſocial Duties and to lengthen'd Days,
Strengthens for frequent Births the fruitful Womb,
And ſtores Community with Hands to come,

Training

Training the Midnight Dame to ſave the Wife,
Nor ſtrangle Nature in the Porch of Life.

O! need the Muſe invite the gen'rous Fair,
To make ſuch Charity their conſtant Care;
By Nature taught, to pity they incline,
And chearfully ſupport the great Deſign;
Their winning Smiles ſhall ev'ry Boſom warm,
Inſpire Compaſſion, and to Goodneſs charm,
Shall ev'ry human Heart with Joy engage,
And melt to Charity a gen'rous Age.

On taking PORTO-BELLO *by Storm. Inſcrib'd to the* Vernon *Club in* Drogheda.

Written in the Year 1740.

LET *Albion*'s Rocks loud Pæans ring,
And let the ſurging Wave reply,
In hoarſe reſounding Tenors ſing,
And ſend the Tidings to the Sky.

Triumphant *Vernon* is the Theme,
O! lift it to the tuneful Spheres;
Let diſtant Globes his Worth proclaim,
Whilſt *Britain*'s Guardian Angel hears.

Whilſt he expands the mighty Blaſt
On his exulting Wings outſpread,
Deſcending with celeſtial Haſte
To ſhield the matchleſs Hero's Head.

Hark! mimic Thunders burſt below,
To ſpread the joyful News around,
Proud *Porto-bello* feels the Blow,
And lies a Ruin on the Ground.

Let *Britiſh* Boſoms grateful flame,
For Honour and for Treaſure won,
While ſmiling Babes liſp *Vernon*'s Name,
And Kings applaud what he has done.

His Deed that ſhall enrich our Story,
When buſy Fame herſelf grows old,
And ſick Ambition's cloy'd with Glory,
Great *Vernon*'s Triumphs ſhall be told.

Let then the bluſhing Bumper flow,
Rich Spirits dance through ev'ry Vein,
Victorious *Vernon* has laid low
The boaſted Strength and Pride of *Spain*.

Let all th' illuſtrious Sons of War,
Who triumph in the glorious Taſk,
Be toaſted in thy Wine Guymar,
And empty the inſpiring Flaſk.

For as the Bumper goes its Rounds,
And each ſtout Hero's Health we ply,
Great *Vernon* anſwers in dread Sounds,
And gaſping *Spaniards* ſink and die.

SONG.

WHILE ſoft *Zelinda* from yon Hill
The Silver Tide ſurveys,
The Air ſo mild, the Wind ſo ſtill,
It gently fans the Sprays.

The penſive Nymph array'd in Green,
With golden Treſſes ſpread,
Her ſnowy Arm reclin'd is ſeen,
On which ſhe leans her Head.

To Love's Delights ſhe tun'd her Tongue,
The Turtles ceas'd to coo,
The Linnets liſten'd as ſhe ſung,
And ſeem'd to feel them too.

Alexis was the lovely Name
Which warbl'd through the Gale,
Echo return'd the charming Theme,
Still vocal in the Vale.

Alexis! dear deceitful Swain,
Why to my Paſſion blind?
O! give me back that Heart again,
Which I ſo late reſign'd.

Or come, thou cruel conquering Boy,
Come crown the Vows you made,
Thoſe Preludes to Love's raptur'd Joy,
When in the conſcious Shade:

Where thy bewitching Language ſtole
Like Magic through my Breaſt,
Unlock'd the Secrets of my Soul,
And rifled all the reſt.

Yet ſtill I watch thy dear Return,
Still haunt each happy Place,
Where mutual Flames did equal burn,
And mutual Arms embrace.

But fly, Inconſtant, from me go;
Why ſhould a Nymph purſue
A faithleſs Swain who ſhuns her ſo,
A Swain that's never true?

O yes! reply'd my yielding Heart,
Itſelf alas! thy Prize,
Who can reſiſt thy tempting Art,
Or long withſtand thoſe Eyes?

On ſeeing Mrs. Woffington *appear in ſeveral Characters.*

DElightful *Woffington!* ſo form'd to pleaſe,
Strikes ev'ry Taſte, can ev'ry Paſſion raiſe,
In Shapes as various as her Sexes are,
And all the Woman ſeems compriz'd in her:

With

With eaſy Action and becoming Mien
She ſhines accompliſh'd, bright'ning ev'ry Scene.
The Prude and the Coquet in her we find,
And all the Foibles of the fairer Kind,
Expreſs'd in Characters themſelves would own,
The Manner ſuch as might the Vice atone:
Her taking Graces gain them new Eſteem;
They're chang'd to Virtues, or like Virtues ſeem.

If, drown'd in Grief, pathetic Sorrows flow,
The pitying Audience feels the mimic Woe;
The ſoft Infection ſwims in guſhing Tears,
We weep the Ills of twice two thouſand Years.
When warlike *Pyrrhus* woos th' afflicted Fair,
Then all *Andromache*'s diſplay'd in her:
The Springs of Nature feel her pow'rful Art,
She moves the Paſſions, and ſhe melts the Heart:
Her noble Manner all the Soul alarms,
When Sorrow ſhakes us, and when Virtue charms;
Sincere Emotions in each Boſom riſe,
And real Anguiſh knows no mock Diſguiſe.
Who would not Beauty's falling Fate deplore,
Who ſees her faint, and droop, and ſink in *Shore?*
The dying Fair excites ſuch gen'rous Pain,
What Boſom bleeds not when ſhe begs in vain?
Extreme Diſtreſs ſo feelingly ſhe draws,
She ſeems to challenge, not to court Applauſe.
Secure of Worth, nor anxious of her Claim,
She cooly draws a careleſs Bill on Fame.
The nobleſt Sentiment, by her diſplay'd,
In all the Pomp of *Milton*'s Muſe array'd,

Emphatic Beauties from her Hand receive,
Adorn'd by Graces which they us'd to give:
Envy herſelf extorted Tribute pays,
And Candour ſpreads, and Juſtice crowns her Praiſe.

A Farewel to APOLLO * *and the Muſes, at* Glaſsnevin.

ADIEU! ye green ambroſial Bow'rs!
Ye friendly calm Retreats, farewel!
Where Converſe crowns the bliſsful Hours,
And blameleſs Mirth and Pleaſure dwell.

Where oft, intranc'd, I happy lay,
From every anxious Care retir'd,
In Fancy's Viſions paſs'd the Day,
By ſmiling Solitude inſpir'd.

The Muſes † there exulting riſe,
And ſpread aloft their verdant Pride,
With Arms uprais'd repel the Skies,
Shading their ſacred Fountain's Side;

Whoſe copious Spring inſpiring flows,
A living Stream, for ever clear;
Where e'er it glides each Flower grows,
And purple Daiſies deck the Year.

There

* James Belcher, *Eſq*; *called by his Friends* Apollo.

† *This alludes to Trees planted round a Well, which he calls* Helicon, *and the Trees the Muſes.*

There *Phœbus*, with unclouded Ray,
Propitious ſhines ſerenely bright;
His genial Pow'r adorns the Day,
And warms with vital Beams the Night.

By Fortune forc'd to foreign Climes
From thy hoſpitious Shades to roam,
Accept, ſweet Place! theſe parting Rhimes
I pay to thee, my friendly Home!

Sacred to thee, my grateful Lyre
Shall oft thy abſent Shades deplore;
Thy abſent Shades ſhall wake its Wyre,
On *Albion*'s wide reſounding Shore.

No length of Time ſhall e'er deface
Thy Image in my thankful Breaſt:
Reflection there thy Form ſhall trace,
In laſting Characters impreſs'd.

In thee my Worth and Wit prevail!
In thee the blooming Laurel grow!
May Health be wafted in each Gale,
And Plenty's Cup ſtill ſocial flow!

Long thy *Apollo* there diſplay
The Virtues of his gen'rous Mind,
Diffuſing, like the God of Day,
His bounteous Beams on all Mankind.

On viewing the MONUMENT *of the Right Honourable* William Conolly, *Esq;*

AS on the Patriot's aweful Form we gaze,
The breathing Marble his great Soul displays;
Reclin'd and pale, with pungent Pains oppreſs'd,
He feels his Country in his dying Breaſt:
For her dear Sake would ward th' impending Dart;
From her reluctant, not from Life, to part.
For ever firm, to Heaven's high Will reſign'd,
He calmly caſt th' impartial Eye behind:
There the bright Virtue of each well-ſpent Year
Beams on his Soul, nor leaves one Cloud of Fear.

Bleſs'd Shade! one Moment ceaſe thy Bliſs to know
And view well-pleas'd that pious Form below.
Oh, ſee thy Country in thy Conſort weep,
And o'er thy Aſhes grateful Vigils keep!
Her fervent Pray'r to Heav'n, like Incenſe, flew
On Angel Wings, a Sacrifice for you:
The pure Oblation paſs'd th' eternal Gate,
And roſe ſweet ſmelling round the Mercy-Seat:
But Heav'n, alas! the Soul-breath'd Wiſh denies;
Heav'n weigh'd thy Worth, and call'd thee to the Skies.

Still o'er thy Shrine thy faithful Conſort bows,
Still to thy Mem'ry pays her plighted Vows.
See Grandeur here by ſocial Virtue grac'd;
The Manner noble, as refin'd the Taſte!

Not

Not Pride, but Piety there ſtrikes our Eyes,
And Meekneſs lifts yon Pillar to the Skies.
Why ſmokes at Noon that hoſpitable Dome?
To feed the Fatherleſs, the Orphan's Home.
By thy Example thus ſhe wings her Way,
Once more to meet thee in the Realms of Day:
She treads thy ſhining Path, keeps ſtill in Sight,
Thy Beam illuſtrious, and reflects thy Light.

Thus in the crimſon Weſt the Lamp of Day
Reſplendent ſets, and ſinks his radiant Ray:
In th' Azure Eaſt, inrob'd with milder Beams,
The Queen of Night ſends forth her chearing Gleams;
Connubial Luſtre o'er the Ocean ſheds,
Glads the low Vales, and gilds the Mountain Heads.

To a FRIEND.

TO thee in *Tempe*'s bliſsful Shade,
From *Beleſworth*'s Brow I write;
A happy Place, by Nature made
For Pleaſure and Delight.

Here flow'ry Hills o'er fertile Vales
In gay Confuſion riſe:
Here ſmiling Health, amid the Gales,
On purple Pinions flies.

Here

Here rural Sports the Mind engage
To paſs the pleaſing Day;
Here *Tilſon* quits his *Tully*'s Page,
To turn the tedded Hay.

From *London* far, and State Affairs,
Sagacious he retires:
Each tranquil Bliſs ſerene he ſhares,
Which Solitude inſpires.

No Paſſions rude can here annoy
His undiſſembled Smile;
Domeſtic Sweets, connubial Joy,
Muſt ev'ry Care beguile.

Still near her Side his Soul approves,
In Love and Friendſhip bleſs'd,
Each tender Sentiment that moves
Within her faithful Breaſt.

His lovely Babes, like Lambkins play,
Sportive in *April* Sun:
Rejoicing meet him in his Way,
Or pratling round him run.

Thus lightly gay the Moments fly,
Which feel no Weight of Care;
Could Time but throw his Pinions by,
He'd wiſh to ſettle here.

Nor leſs Delight attends on thee,
My *Baſſus!* in thy Bow'r;
Where Senſe and Genius both agree
To crown thy claſſic Hour.

In queſt of Truth, you only tread
The Path by Reaſon made;
By no deluſive Guides miſled,
Of no falſe Lights afraid.

What more could bount'ous Heav'n beſtow
Thy Bleſſings to ſecure?
It gave the ſweeteſt Pledge below,
To make them long endure.

In thy accompliſh'd, honour'd Fair,
Thy Boſom-bliſs refin'd;
Whoſe winning Virtues all appear
Harmonious as her Mind.

And ſee! the beauteous blooming Maid,
Thy hope, thy Joy, and Pride,
With ev'ry pleaſing Charm array'd,
With ev'ry Grace ſupply'd.

Which Nature's Hand can gently frame,
Or poliſh'd Art refine,
To make her rich in Virtue's Fame,
And like her Mother ſhine!

Thou

Thou darling Youth, whoſe dawning Mind
The Muſes all deſire!
In thy bright Thoughts we early find
Thy Father's Senſe and Fire.

To thee, my *Clio*, grateful ſtill,
Shall conſecrate her Theme,
And ſing thee plac'd on *Pindus'* Hill,
Or at the ſacred Stream.

Each letter'd Art imbibing there
With ev'ry Grace combin'd,
To make thee to thy Country dear,
The Wiſh of Humankind.

To thee in *Tempe's* bliſsful Shade
This grateful Verſe I ſend;
The Verſe ſincere, tho' poorly paid,
To thee, my honour'd Friend!

On a public Collection made for the diſtreſs'd Remains of the Inniſkillen *and* Derry *Men. Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord* Tullamore.

SEE ſocial Worth extend her copious Hand,
See public Virtue warm a faithful Land!
See Freedom's Sons in gen'rous League combin'd,
Who ardent caſt their grateful Eyes behind,

With

With kindling Hearts their Fathers Deeds ſurvey,
Who ſnatch'd from lawleſs Pow'r th' important Prey;
Uplifting Liberty when proſtrate ſpread,
They bravely conquer'd, or as bravely bled.
To you deſcends the Patriot's honour'd Name,
To you the Pledge of Truth, the Thirſt of Fame;
The glorious Legacy, by you poſſeſt,
Beams on each Brow, and burns in ev'ry Breaſt.
A Deed like this ſure Heav'n well-pleas'd ſhall ſee,
You looſe thoſe Hands which help'd to make you free.
Nor you, whoſe Heart with gen'rous Fervour glows,
The Joy of Want, and Balm of human Woes,
Your Country's Prop, nor you, my Lord, refuſe,
Amid the public Praiſe, the grateful Muſe.
Kind Heav'n has planted in your noble Frame
What Worth can miniſter, what Want can claim:
Your bount'ous Hand is ever foremoſt found
To raiſe the Weak, and bind up ev'ry Wound.
When niggard Nature lock'd each vital Store,
When Land and Water gave their Growths no more,
When ghaſtly Famine o'er each Face was ſpread,
And pale *Eblana* droop'd her dying Head,
Your ſaving Pow'r the ſick'ning Sun ſupplies,
Unbinds the Glebe, and thaws th' inclement Skies.
Look back, my Lord! your pious Schemes enjoy;
Let warlike Chiefs, ſtill anxious to deſtroy,
Spread Ruin round, and Death and Danger brave;
Your Fame from Mercy ſprings, your Pride's to ſave;
You ſeek that Crown whoſe Gems ſhall ever glow,
When *Derry* falls, and *Foyn* ſhall ceaſe to flow:
With *William*'s Worth your virtuous Deeds ſhall ſoar,
When Triumphs fail, and *Albion* ſways no more

Above

Above the fading Stars expiring Rays,
When Syſtems ſink, and Suns withdraw their Blaze.

On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S *reſigning the Government of* Ireland.

WHERE diſmal Melancholy moping reigns,
'Midſt a dark Vale which horrid Rocks ſurround,
Where ſteril Rigour rules the loneſome Plains,
Nor ever Verdure decks the blaſted Ground:

Where howling Winds through clifted Caverns blow,
And Birds obſcene their baleful Manſions keep;
Where mimic Echo mocks each Sound of Woe,
And humid Caves with Tears eternal weep:

Hibernia's Guardian Goddeſs, proſtrate there
Lay brooding o'er her mighty Grief retir'd;
Her rev'rend Head reclin'd, Her Boſom bare,
In tragic Weeds diſconſolate attir'd.

Each Native Attribute dejected ſtands,
Each Virtue ſunk, each Orphan Art diſmay'd;
And widow'd Science wrung her plaintive Hands;
And liſtleſs Sorrow fix'd the Face of Trade.

The Muſe, attendant on the mournful Train,
With ſilent Grief the ſolemn Scene ſurveys;
In broken Sighs ſhe breathes her Heart-felt Pain;
Her Lyre unſtrung, and wither'd all her Bays.

As

As from a Trance the Goddeſs gently 'woke,
Then riſing ſlowly with maternal Grace,
Thus in faint Sounds her lab'ring Anguiſh ſpoke,
Whilſt copious Tears ran trickling down her Face.

Unhappy Iſle! thy ſhort-liv'd Triumph dies,
How ſcant the Sun-ſhine of thy brighteſt Day!
What Cloud malign o'ercaſts thy chearful Skies!
What ſudden Night obſcures the Noon-tide Ray!

Too ſoon *Britannia* ſtretch'd her envious Hand;
Too ſoon (alas!) ſhe ſnatch'd the Man ſo dear,
Whoſe Power ſerene in Perils could command,
Whoſe Skill thro' threat'ning Storms with Safety ſteer.

Each Art reviv'd by his auſpicious Smile,
Shone, with new Elegance and Pomp array'd;
In decent State uproſe the Regal Pile,
And the rich Column grac'd the new-born Glade.

Bleſs'd with the Fruits of his paternal Toil,
My grateful Sons with joyful Hearts obey;
Exulting Concord crowns my fertil Soil,
And ev'ry Virtue waits on STANHOPE's Sway.

O *Albion!* to my longing Arms return
The godlike Patriot from thy warm Embrace;
With Pity hear thy faithful Siſter mourn;
Calm her ſad Conflict, and reſtore her Peace!

But

But if, alas! by Fate's ſevere Decree,
In thy bright Hemiſphere this Star muſt ſhine,
Oh! may his Rays oblique yet glance on me,
Though his exalted Splendors ſtill be thine.

FINIS.

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